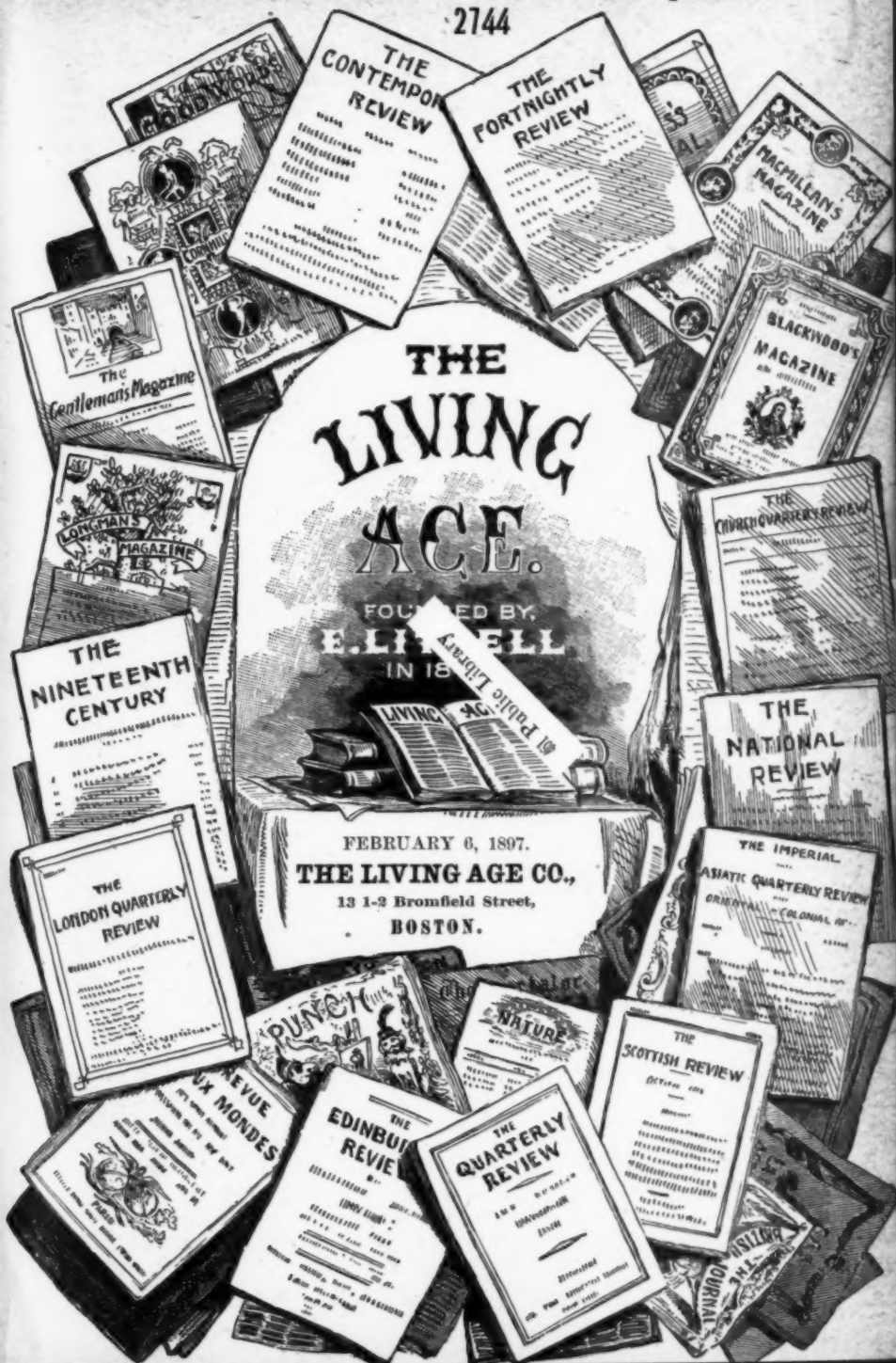


THE TWO GLORIES.—From the Spanish.

2744



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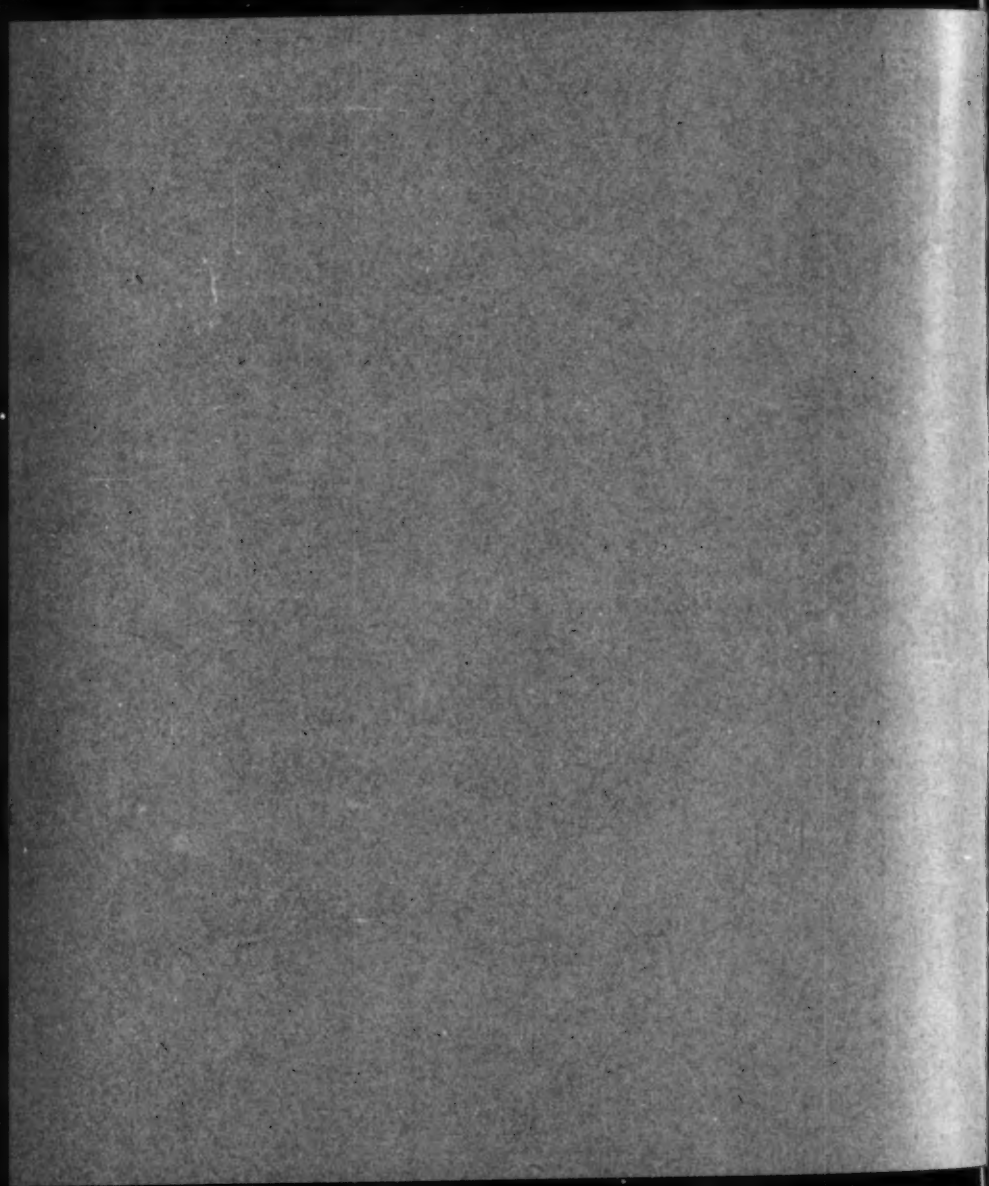
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# THE LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series,  
Volume XIII.

No. 2744—February 6, 1897.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CCXII.

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GEO. A. FOXCROFT, Manager Advertising Department, 36 Bromfield St., Room 3.

## FAITH AND THE UNIVERSE,

A trembling Star that steals along,  
Vast Night's belated wanderer,  
A pale ghost by the splendor strong  
Of Venus and of Jupiter;

A world forlorn with one sad moon  
To light, across the unsounded deep,  
Her clouded orbit, and the swoon  
Of her dream-shaken, shuddering  
sleep:—

Is this the place where one should say  
Was found a creed for all the spheres—  
That Truth's sole Sun is the weak ray  
That flits thro' our embarrassed years?

No thought of God august, benign,  
Born of hope's, reason's puzzled strife  
May fully the veiled force define  
Which feeds the roots of boundless life.  
Spectator. JOSEPH TRUMAN.

## LOVE'S BIRD.

When thrushes rest the weary head,  
And linnets lie in gold and green,  
When blackbirds on a downy bed  
Are silvered with a moony sheen,

What voice awakes the emerald house?  
What love incarnate flies on wings?  
What passion shakes the trembling  
boughs?  
It is the bird of love that sings.

It is the bird of love that sings,  
Stabbing our silence like a sword,  
And Love himself that flies on wings,  
God the enchanter, and no bird.

Our moon of honey, our marriage moon,  
Rides in the heaven for our delight;  
The silver world grows golden soon,  
Honey and gold spilled in the night.

The bird of love, the bird of pain,  
He sings our marriage moon away;  
Filling the night with golden rain,  
Betwixt the darkness and the day.

Closer and closer, hold me close,  
For is it love or death he sings?  
And is it love or death that goes  
Through the sweet night with rustling  
wings?

KATHARINE TYNAN.

## THE PLAGUE OF APATHY.

The dewfall of compassion, is it o'er  
So soon? So soon is dead indifference  
come?

From wintry sea to sea the land lies numb,  
With palsy of the spirit stricken sore,  
The land lies numb from iron shore to  
shore.

The unconcerned—they flourish; loud are  
some,  
And without shame. The multitude stand  
dumb.

The England that we vaunted is no more.  
Only the witling's sneer, the worldling's  
smile,

The weakling's tremors, fail him not who  
fain

Would rouse to noble deed. And all the  
while

A homeless people, in their mortal pain,  
Toward one far and famous ocean isle  
Stretch hands of prayer, and stretch those  
hands in vain.

WILLIAM WATSON.

## IN THE SHADOW.

Oh, she will have the deep, dark heart, for  
all her face is fair,  
As deep and dark as though beneath the  
shadow of her hair:

For in her hair a spirit dwells that no  
white spirit is,

And hell is in the hopeless heaven of that  
lost spirit's kiss.

She has two men within the palm, the  
hollow of her hand:

She takes their souls and blows them  
forth as idle, drifted sand;

And one falls back upon her breast that is  
his quiet home,

And one goes out into the night and is as  
wind-blown foam.

And is there any home for him whose por-  
tion is the night?

And is there any peace for him whose  
doom is endless flight?

O wild, sad bird, O wind-spent bird, O  
bird upon the wave,

There is no home for thee, wild bird, but  
in the cold sea-grave!

FIONA MACLEOD.

From Temple Bar.

DID HE REMEMBER?

III.

When Major Neligan came to examine the agency books, he found they were principally devoted to single-column entries, headed "Arrears of Rent." He forthwith determined to appoint a day of settlement, and bid every tenant on the estate to the interesting ceremony. It was his intention to do the thing in the good old style, and provide a substantial repast as a prelude to the more important part of the business.

The grand settling-day arrived—but the tenants did not. From early morning until the shadows of evening began to creep across the lawn, the major waited and watched; but if they that were bidden did not, with one consent, begin to send excuses, it certainly seemed as if they had decided to ignore the invitation.

At the eleventh hour, however, two solitary figures appeared in sight. The pair approached in a rather leisurely manner, not without a certain amount of caution apparently, as if the object of their visit was simply to spy out the land. Neligan had them in at once, and a little banter ensued upon their dilatory attendance. Certainly, as far as the eating and drinking part of the business went, they were hosts in themselves; but they evidently did not deem it necessary to wait for the subsequent stage of the proceedings. Taking advantage of the major's temporary absence from the room, they seized their hats and quietly decamped.

To say that Neligan was furious would be quite too mild a term to express the extent of his righteous indignation. Next day, following the same course of reasoning as the wise Mohamet employed with respect to his mountain, he started off to hunt up the delinquents, fully determined to bring them to their senses. A crisis was bound to come sooner or later, and the impetuous major chose to have it out with these troublesome fellows, then

and there. Persuasive measures had proved a dismal failure; well, if they wouldn't be led, they must be driven, that was all.

During the next week or two the relations between agent and tenants became more and more strained. Then the major boldly declared war by issuing a batch of ejectment notices upon the defaulters. They retaliated with a boycotting manifesto, a copy of which was promptly posted up on his gates.

Neligan entered upon the strife with all the ardor of an old campaigner. Threatening letters began to pour in upon him; he tossed them into the fire with the utmost unconcern. Midnight meetings were held, at which his name was denounced; he walked abroad as usual, scorning police protection. In the dead of night his gate pillars were decorated with a device which bore an approximate resemblance to a skull and cross-bones, underneath which appeared the rude outline of a coffin; but he only laughed at such silly attempts to intimidate him.

As time went on, Mary observed with pain and misgiving a gradual change in Phil's manner. He was no longer the alert, willing fellow of former days, but went about his work with downcast looks; silent, thoughtful, and almost morose. Once or twice she saw him in earnest conversation with certain men, whom she had good reason to suspect were among her father's bitterest enemies.

What did this change betoken? Was he debating as to whether he should join hands with his fellows, or brave their scorn and hatred by sticking manfully to the major and his family? It was impossible to say. The choice had to be made, however; there was no getting out of it. As she watched him from day to day, Mary's heart was filled with secret dread; somehow she seemed instinctively to feel that the question would be decided *against* them.

The decisive moment came rather sooner than she had expected. One

evening, Phil appeared at the door of the major's study. Twisting his hat awkwardly in his hands, he stammered out an apology for disturbing his honor, but he just came up to say that he wished to leave at the end of the week; there was a bit of land to be had down by the Red Bog, and he thought he might do worse than to take it.

The major flew into a towering rage—he wasn't to be hoodwinked so easily; he could see plainly enough through that flimsy excuse!

"At the end of the week!" he vociferated, rising to his feet. "No! You'll leave this instant, you great hulking coward! So you're afraid to stand by those who have befriended you?—well, take your wages, you ungrateful scoundrel, and clear out of my sight!" And he flung the money on the floor.

Phil stooped down and quietly collected the scattered coins. He made no reply to those bitter, cutting words, though it was plain they had struck home, and were rankling in his spirit. He drew himself up, and for a single moment looked the major full in the face; but there was no trace of enmity or malice in that look—rather more of reproach than anything else. Then he turned slowly away, and left the room in silence.

It was growing dusk rapidly as he trudged down the lane towards the village, his bundle slung on a stick over his shoulder. Suddenly he appeared to hesitate, and looked from side to side as if anxious to make his escape through the thick hawthorn hedge. Mary was approaching. On seeing him, she quickened her steps, and was soon at his side.

"Oh, Phil!" she cried, in accents of distress, "are *you* going to desert us too? What would your poor mother have said to this, Phil? Do you remember her dying words that evening in the cottage?"

"I do, Miss Mary, I do!" he said, in a husky voice. "God knows I do, but—"

The words died upon his lips, the eager light faded from his eyes, and a cold, hard look settled upon his features. Mary, following the direction of his gaze, saw a dark scowling face behind the hedge. The man, whoever he was, watched them with a grim intentness that positively made her shudder. She parted from Phil abruptly, and walked on rapidly towards the house, terrified by the sight of that evil countenance.

Only once did she pause to look back. The man had come out into the lane and appeared to be talking earnestly to Phil. The latter, however, seemed to pay little attention, for his head was turned in her direction, and his gaze clung to her to the last.

She reached home cold, tired, and sick at heart. The major was pacing restlessly before the house, his head bare, his face still flushed, and his whole aspect indicating an unsettled and indignant state of mind.

"Well, child, so your precious protégé has proved himself a precious rascal," he said, as she joined him. "Oh, he's deserted—gone over to the enemy, bag and baggage—and a good riddance too! I thought all along it would come to this; there isn't one of them to be trusted; they're all tarred with the same brush."

Mary did not venture a word in Phil's defence. Though she believed in her heart he had no evil intentions towards them, yet she had placed such reliance upon his fidelity, his open desertion was a cruel blow to her. Moreover, she feared, now he had cast off all restraining influence, if he once got among a bad set, they would succeed in poisoning his mind, and lead him into mischief of some sort.

Meanwhile, the man who had joined Phil in the lane—a scoundrel of the blackest dye, known as "American" Moran—took care not to trust his companion out of sight during the remainder of the evening, for there was an important matter to be settled later on, and he had special reasons for de-

siring Phil's presence. This fellow Moran was one of the major's bitterest enemies, though why that should be so was best known to himself. He held no tenancy on the Vereker estate—or on any other estate for that matter. He and a colleague named Hennessy (an evicted tenant from an adjoining estate) were the leading spirits in all that was seditious and ruffianly. They took upon themselves to direct and control the views of the Derawlin tenants, spurred them on to blind resistance of their agent, and fostered the bad feeling that had lately sprung up, until it was quite sturdy enough to take care of itself. Though absolutely men of straw, as far as means and position went, they exercised a despotic sway over the minds of these misguided peasants. It was as much as a man's life was worth to question their authority, for they only had to denounce him as a traitor to the cause—and then let him look to himself.

If in the silent watches of that night the inmates of a wayside cottage caught the sound of hurried footsteps on the road outside, they sat still and listened, without daring to approach door or window. No word was uttered, no surprise displayed, but a steady look, full of grave import, passed from one to the other. The cattle in the fields, startled by the dark figures that went gliding noiselessly by, rushed wildly hither and thither, while the more timid colts dashed off at a mad gallop. Low whistles resounded from different points; men crept along by the hedges; others made their way through unfrequented paths; all converged to the same spot.

Down by the riverside, where a weir had been thrown across the stream, stood the black, roofless skeleton of a once flourishing mill. A dilapidated mud cabin jutted out from one of the outer walls, but the dense shadow of the great towering mass behind it almost completely hid it from sight. Man after man approached this cabin; the

door was silently opened, and they disappeared into the gloom beyond.

One hour passed. A profound and deathlike silence hovered over the ruin, in the dark recesses of which a secret conclave deliberated upon a question of life and death. Then the door opened, and a man, whose white, agitated face seemed to show he had passed through some trying ordeal, peeped out, listened, and slunk away into the darkness. After that, the remainder stole out in twos and threes, all equally relieved that the business of the night was over. Some few, who had evidently not taken an active part in the proceedings, addressed eager inquiries to their companions, and were answered in a low whisper—

"Yes, it's settled; next Monday evening on the Castleisland road; Phil Scully's got to do it."

#### IV.

For the remainder of that week Phil's steps were dogged by those two arch-conspirators, Moran and Hennessy. Somehow, they didn't seem quite sure of their man, and took good care to protect themselves against the possible consequences of any qualms of conscience with which he might have been troubled. He was never permitted to wander out of sight, lest he should slip off and make a clean breast of it to the police. Such a notion, however, did not once enter into Phil's mind; to "turn informer" was, in his eyes, to sink to the lowest depths of depravity.

In the evenings he sat by the turf fire, silent, moody, and apparently oblivious to the covert looks and secret whisperings of his companions. They would have given much to have got at the thoughts that were passing through his mind just then, and vainly endeavored to draw him out regarding the business on hand. But Phil kept his own counsel, though he appeared resolved upon a certain course of action, whatever it may have been.

On the Castleisland road, about a



mile or two from Derawlin, there was a steep incline known as Sweeney's Hill. As you approached the top, a sudden opening in the hedge revealed a roofless hut, of which the four bare walls alone remained standing. It was a lonely spot at the best of times, for there was not a house of any sort within half a mile or so on either side.

On Monday evening, when it was known that Major Neligan might be expected to drive past, on his way home from the Castleisland Petty Sessions, three figures crept stealthily across the fields towards this hut. The moon was at its full, sailing serenely through the cold, clear heavens, and though there was no appearance of wind, yet, from time to time, sudden, icy gusts went sweeping past, that made one shudder as much from a sense of awe as from actual cold.

The three men took up their position inside the hut, with the moonlight striking straight down upon them. Phil Scully stood with his back against the wall, his arms folded, and his head sunk upon his breast, his whole bearing indicating a settled resolve. For upwards of an hour he remained in the same motionless attitude, scarcely once raising his head or displaying the least sign of agitation.

Moran and Hennessy, on the other hand, were unable to exercise such control over their nerves. The suspense was plainly telling upon them. From time to time they glanced uneasily at the gloomy figure of their companion, and whispered together in a perplexed and anxious manner. Once or twice Moran cautiously approached the opening where the door had stood, and bending his head towards the road, listened intently. But the stillness of the night was broken only by the barking of a dog in a distant farmhouse, or the mournful note of a curlew in the marsh below Derawlin.

Suddenly a sound reached their ears which made all three start as if from

the effect of an electric shock. Far off along the Castleisland road the faint rumble of wheels could be heard. The sound seemed to grow louder and die away at intervals, swelled into a hollow roar as the car passed over Rahan Bridge, and once more became indistinct. Then the smart trotting of the horse was heard, becoming clearer and clearer every moment until the foot of the hill was reached, when it ceased suddenly.

Moran crept out upon his hands and knees, and craning his neck over the hedge, glanced down the road. He saw a high dogcart coming slowly up the hill, in which only one man was seated.

"Here he comes!" he whispered, excitedly, when he got back into the hut. "Now, Phil, pull yerself together, and mind ye take a good steady aim before ye fire."

The words seemed to produce a sudden and surprising change in Phil. In an instant every trace of apathy vanished; his dogged manner changed to one of fierce energy, and with flashing eyes he turned angrily upon his companions.

"See here," he said vehemently. "ye've put this job on me purposely; I know ye have! Well, then, come out an' see me do it!"

Oh, really, they couldn't see the slightest necessity for *that*! They were quite willing to trust the whole thing to him; they would remain in the hut until it was all over; there was no need for the three of them to be seen.

"By heavens, ye must, though!" he asserted, threatening the trembling cowards with his revolver; "and mind this, if one or other of ye try to run for it, he'll be the first to get a bullet into him!"

There was nothing for it but to obey, and all three crouched behind the hedge. They could hear the creaking of harness and springs, even the paunting of the horse as he labored up the steep incline.

"Now," whispered Phil, "when I give

the word jump up, an' the horse will stop."

What was Major Neligan thinking of at that critical moment? Nothing of much importance apparently, for he lolled back in his seat, gazing up listlessly at the brilliant moon, and beating a tattoo upon his oiled skin rug.

Suddenly three figures sprang on top of the hedge, within five or six yards of him. Then—bang!—bang!—bang!— and the bullets came whizzing around him. They passed over his head, splintered the spokes of the nearest wheel, but even at that short range, not one of them went within a yard of him!

"Clumsy fool!" quoth the major, as he reached for his own revolver, "to miss such a shot as that!" But before he could pull up his frightened horse, and return the fire, his assailants had disappeared.

Neligan's blood was up; he would have those scoundrels caught at all hazards. Phil he had clearly recognized; the other two he could identify easily enough. The next moment he was rattling off at full speed towards the nearest police-station, not even waiting to pick up his hat which had tumbled on to the road.

He sprang from his trap at the door of the police-barrack, rushed into the building, and called loudly for Sergeant Carey. The sergeant was a man of prompt action, for no sooner had he heard the major's story than he got his men together and turned them out in a body. The bicycle, too, was called into requisition; an active young constable mounted his machine, and carried news of the attack to all the surrounding stations. Thus it happened that in little more than an hour the country was being scoured in every direction for the fugitives. Towards midnight the whole three were captured in a barn, where they had sought shelter.

Next day, when the affair got noised abroad, it produced an effect which positively startled the worthy major. To his utter amazement, the tenants began to come forward of their own

accord, proffering a year's rent in lieu of all arrears. Neligan promptly closed with the offer. He wisely refrained from prying too closely into their motives, though he shrewdly suspected they were anxious in this way to convince him they had no hand, act, or part in the attempt upon his life. Be this as it may, the tide had certainly turned in his favor, and he took it at its ebb. Really, as things fell out, that scoundrel Scully had done him a good turn after all!

A week or so later, Sir Anthony Vereker was agreeably reminded of the fact that he was the possessor of an Irish estate, by the receipt of a substantial cheque "on account of rents." The baronet went about that day with the air of a man who had received a mental shock. From henceforth he swore by Neligan.

Phil, Moran, and Hennessy were tried at the ensuing Munster Assizes. Though Major Neligan's evidence alone was sufficient to convict them, the crown brought forward a number of independent witnesses to strengthen the case. Mary was present at the trial; there had even been some talk of putting *her* into the witness-box, in order to show that two of the accused, Moran and Scully, had been seen together under suspicious circumstances.

As Phil stepped into the dock, he sent a swift, searching glance around the crowded court, and for an instant his eyes rested upon Mary. Then he turned quickly and faced the judge, standing with head erect, and listening attentively throughout the whole case. He made practically no defence. Not so the two others; *they* had plenty to say for themselves at any rate. It would appear, from their emphatic statements, it was really by the merest accident they had been present that evening. They were simply taking a moonlight stroll past the hut, when Phil Scully pounced out upon them and forced them to remain—for what purpose they knew not—at the point of his revolver. The judge smiled.

The trial lasted well into the afternoon. Then in the deepening gloom of

the winter's evening, the hush of expectancy fell upon the crowded court as the door of the jurors' room opened, and the judge was summoned to receive their verdict. All three prisoners were pronounced "guilty."

The judge briefly concurred, and with a passing allusion to the heinousness of the crime in Scully's case, sentenced him to ten years' penal servitude. Moran and Hennessy, as aiders and abettors, got five years' each.

The two latter, on hearing their sentence, straightway lifted up their voices and wept. Phil turned slowly round in the dock—and looked at Mary.

It was only a look; but what depth of meaning—what fulness of revelation it conveyed! A sudden light seemed to break in upon her mind, dispelling the dark cloud of doubt and mistrust which had hitherto oppressed her. Oh! she saw it all *now*! The noble fellow never intended to injure her father; the firing of those shots was a mere pretence on his part—nothing more. If he had not done it, some of the rest would, doubtless with very different results. And he had forced those two wretches to show themselves, knowing that if they were captured, plots and conspiracies would be at an end. Oh! brave, generous, true-hearted Phil, you have one friend whose prayers will follow you to your lonely prison cell.

As they led him from the dock, he took one last look at that quivering, tearful face, and muttered:—

"Thank God!—Miss Mary knows!"

J. LAURENCE HORNBrook.

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From The Contemporary Review.  
RECENT DISCOVERIES IN BABYLONIA.

In Babylonia, even more than in Assyria, England led the way in excavating the buried cities and monuments of the past. To Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, the representative of the British Museum, is due the discovery of the site of Sippara, the ancient city of the

Babylonian Sun-god, and of the multitudinous clay tablets with which the library of its temple was stored. For several years a stream of cuneiform documents poured into the British Museum, not only from Sippara, but also from the mounds of other old Babylonian towns. They were mostly deeds and contracts which threw a flood of light on the social and economical history of the Babylonian people in the days of Nebuchadrezzar and his successors. With their help it became possible to write an account of the social life of the Babylonians, almost as exact and vivid as the accounts which have been written of the social life of ancient Greece.

But England ceased to excavate in Babylonia, and other nations took its place. The Germans explored two cemeteries (at Surghul and El-Hibba) near Shatra, and for the first time showed us how the Babylonians buried their dead. Their excavations explained why it is that the ancient history of Babylonia and Assyria has been recovered from the palaces and temples, and not, as in Egypt, from the tombs. The Babylonians burned their dead, as well as such objects as were interred along with them; the consequence is that the Babylonian sepulchre offers us little except charred and shapeless remains. It is from the temple-libraries, with their vast stores of books inscribed on imperishable clay, that our knowledge of the kingdoms of the Tigris and Euphrates has been, and must be, derived.

The German expedition was on a small scale, and the results were commensurate with its ambitions. It was otherwise with two other expeditions which followed. M. de Sarzec, the French consul at Basrah, devoted himself to a thorough exploration of the mounds of Telloh in the extreme south of Chaldæa. For years he has patiently worked at the ruins, in disregard of malarial fever and Bedāwin attacks. Gradually a Babylonian city, whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity, has been brought to light. It was never one of the chief cities of Babylonia; to the last it remained a provincial town.

Indeed, its palmy days belonged to the early part of its history, when Semitic princes had not as yet supplanted their Sumerian predecessors or Babylonia been united under the rule of one king. Its Babylonian name was Lagas, and it has yielded an immense number of monuments of all kinds, the most striking of which are the early statues, carved out of hard diorite, which now adorn the Louvre. But the most valuable of its treasures has been a library, discovered last year. This library contained no less than thirty-three thousand clay tablets, and was formed very nearly five thousand years ago. The larger part of the tablets has gone to Constantinople, where Assyrian scholars are busily working at them. A few have been given by the Turkish government to the Louvre, and a very large number have been stolen by the Arabs, and are at present being offered for sale in England.

While M. de Sarzec has been working at Telloh, an American expedition has been systematically exploring Niffer, or Nuffar, the ancient Nippur, in northern Babylonia. In my Hibbert lectures on the "Religion of the Ancient Babylonians" I had been led by a study of the religious texts of Babylonia to the conclusion that Nippur had been a centre from which Babylonian culture was disseminated in what we then regarded as prehistoric times. Thanks to the American excavations, what were prehistoric times when my Hibbert lectures were written have now become historic, and my conclusion has proved to be correct. Nippur was, in fact, one of the oldest seats of Babylonian religion and civilization. Its great temple, dedicated to the god called by the Sumerians Mul-lil or El-il, "the lord of the ghost-world," was coeval with the beginnings of Chaldean history. Here the old Shamanistic beliefs of Sumerian Babylonia, which peopled the universe with innumerable spirits, were first organized into an official cult. In later days, when Semitic rulers took the place of the Sumerian princes, and Semitic priests succeeded to the sorcerers and magicians of an earlier age, the

Sumerian Mul-lil became the Semitic Bel or Baal, to whom this earth and the underworld were assigned as a domain. The Bel of Nippur, however, eventually faded into the background before the younger Bel-Merodach of Babylon. When Babylon was made the capital of a united Babylonia, its god assumed supremacy over the other deities of the Babylonian cities, and the older Bel was relegated to a subordinate place.

It is among the ruins of the temple of this older Bel that the American excavators have been working. For the first time in Babylonia they have systematically carried their shafts through the various strata of historical remains which occupy the site, carefully noting the objects found in each, and wherever possible clearing each stage away when once it had been thoroughly examined. The work began in 1888, about two hundred Arabs being employed as laborers. For two seasons, until May, 1890, the excavations were continued under the direction of Dr. Peters. The site was surveyed, trial trenches were dug and systematic exploration made in certain places. Among the objects discovered were about ten thousand tablets and inscribed fragments, some of which go back to the earliest epoch of Chaldean history. Then for three years the work of the expedition was discontinued. But in the spring of 1893 it was resumed more vigorously than ever by Mr. J. H. Haynes. For three full years it was carried on, with an interruption of only two months. What this meant can best be understood by the fact that Mr. Haynes's one European companion, Dr. Meyer, succumbed after a few months to the pestilential atmosphere of the Babylonian marshes, and during the rest of the time Mr. Haynes was left to fight single-handed against fevers, and Bedâwin, and all the usual difficulties which attend excavations in the Ottoman dominions.

As Professor Hilprecht says: "It was indeed no easy task for any European or American to dwell thirty-four months near these insect-breeding and pestiferous Affej swamps, where the

temperature in perfect shade rises to the enormous height of 120° F., where the stifling sand-storms from the desert rob the tent of its shadow and parch the human skin with the heat of a furnace, where the ever-present insects bite and sting and buzz through day and night, while cholera is lurking at the threshold of the camp, and treacherous Arabs are planning robbery and murder; and yet during all these wearisome hours, to fulfil the duties of three ordinary men."

But the task was at last accomplished, and the excavations at Nippur were carried deeply and widely enough not only to reveal the history of the city itself but also to open up a new vista in the forgotten history of civilized man.<sup>1</sup>

The history of civilization has been taken into ages which a short while since were still undreamed of. Professor Hilprecht, the historian of the expedition, upon whom has fallen the work of copying, publishing, and translating the multitudinous texts discovered in the course of it, declares that we can no longer "hesitate to date the founding of the temple of Bel and the first settlements in Nippur somewhere between 6000 and 7000 B.C., possibly even earlier." At any rate the oldest monuments which have been disinterred there belong to the fifth or sixth millennium before the Christian era. Hitherto we have been accustomed to regard Egypt as the land which has preserved for us the earliest written monuments of mankind, but Babylonia now bids fair to outrival Egypt.

The earliest fixed date in Babylonian history is that of Sargon of Akkad and his son Naram-Sin. It has been fixed for us by Nabonidos, the royal antiquarian of Babylonia. In one of his inscriptions he describes the excavations he made in order to discover the memorial cylinders of Naram-Sin, who had lived "3,200 years" before his own time. In my Hibbert lectures I gave reasons for accepting this date as approximately correct. The recent dis-

coveries at Niffer, Telloh, and other places have shown that my conclusion was justified. We now find that the Babylonians from the earliest times kept a register of the successive years of each king's reign, marked by the chief event or events which had characterized them, so that it was easy for future historians to draw up chronological lists of the Babylonian kings and determine the number of years they each had reigned. It was also usual on the death of a king to devote a single tablet in this way to the chronology of his reign, and at times, when one dynasty was succeeded by another, a chronological record of the fallen dynasty was compiled, the years being reckoned by the events which had occurred in them, and the whole number of years during which the dynasty had reigned being summed up at the end. These lists can be tested by the contract-tablets, of which we now possess many thousands, and which are dated in the way I have just described. What particular event should be considered as characterizing a particular year must have been determined by official authority.

Take, for example, one of the chronological tablets found at Niffer, which was written immediately after the death of Pur-Sin II., one of the last kings of the third dynasty of Ur. This was the dynasty which preceded that to which Amraphel, the contemporary of Abraham, belonged. The tablet begins as follows: (1) "The year when Pur-Sin became king; (2) The year when Pur-Sin the king invaded the land of Urbillum; (3) The year when the great throne of Bel was made." And so the tablet continues down to the end, where we read: "The year when Gimil-Sin became king of Ur and devastated the land of Zabsall" in the Lebanon. In the contract-tablets which have come from the excavations at Niffer and Telloh we find these self-same dates expressed in precisely the same words.

We can, therefore, no longer refuse to believe that Nabonidos had quite sufficient chronological materials for assigning a date to Sargon of Akkad and

<sup>1</sup> Professor Hilprecht calculates that more than 32,000 inscribed tablets were found there. — "The Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania," I. 2, pp. 8, 9.



his son. We may henceforth tranquilly accept the fact that the date of these two kings is as far back as 3800 B.C.

But this is not all. Assyriologists have long had in their possession a cuneiform text which contains the annals of the reign of Sargon, and of the first three years of the reign of his son. It is a late copy of the original text, and was made for the library of Nineveh. Our "critical" friends have been particularly merry over the credulity of the Assyriologists in accepting these annals as authentic. We have been told, only so recently as last year, that the reputed age of the annals would alone show them to be fictitious, and that Sargon and Naram-Sin are alike unhistorical.<sup>1</sup> Unfortunately it is more dangerous to be sceptical in matters relating to Babylonian history than it is where certain other old Oriental documents are concerned, as, thanks to the excavators, monumental evidence may at any moment turn up, which even "critical" ingenuity is unable to explain away. And so it has happened in the present instance. So far from being unhistorical, Sargon and Naram-Sin prove to have come at the end of a long-preceding historical period, and the annals themselves have been verified by contemporaneous documents. The empire of Sargon, which extended from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean, was not even the first that had arisen in western Asia. And the art that flourished under his rule, like the art which flourished in Egypt in the age of the Old Empire, was higher and more perfect than any that succeeded it in Babylonia.

A broken bas-relief has been found at Diarbekir in northern Mesopotamia on which is engraved a figure of Naram-Sin, accompanied by an inscription recording his deeds. It is the finest and most delicately executed specimen of Babylonian art that has come down to us, and reminds us by its realism and finish of the early sculpture of Egypt. The most exquisitely worked of Baby-

lonian seal-cylinders is one that was made in the reign of Sargon; it represents, so far as we know at present, the highest point attained by the gem-cutter in the ancient Oriental world. And along with this perfection of art went a similar perfection in the cuneiform system of writing. Numerous monuments have been brought to light of the two kings whom German criticism so recently pronounced to be *unhistorisch* and the writing upon them shows that the cuneiform script had already reached its full development. The forms of the characters have lost all resemblance to the pictorial shapes we can still trace in the earlier inscriptions, and the limits and methods of using the syllabary have been defined once for all. Between the cuneiform script of Sargon or Naram-Sin and that of Nebuchadnezzar there is comparatively little difference; between it and the script of the early texts which have been found by Haynes and De Sarzec there lies the difference between the writing of a child and the writing of a grown-up man. Henceforward, Sargon and Naram-Sin, instead of belonging to "the grey dawn of time," must be regarded as representatives of "the golden age of Babylonian history."

That they should have undertaken military expeditions to the distant West, and annexed Palestine and the Sinaitic Peninsula to the empire they created need no longer be a matter of astonishment. Such campaigns had already been undertaken by Babylonian kings long before; the way was well known which led from one extremity of western Asia to the other. The "higher criticism" has informed us that the conquests of Sargon in Syria and Palestine were the inventions of a later date; now, however, inscriptions of Sargon himself have been discovered which are dated in the year when he led his armies into "the land of the Amorites." The trustworthiness of his annals, which I have urged again and again, has been strikingly vindicated, and historical scepticism must find some other record of antiquity on which to expend its strength.

<sup>1</sup> Carl Niebuhr: "Chronologie der Geschichte Israels," p. 75; "Geschichte des Ebräischen Zeitalters," p. 41.

It is Mr. Haynes who tells us that we are henceforth to look upon Sargon of Akkad as a representative of "the golden age of Babylonian history," and his assertion is endorsed by Professor Hilprecht. In fact, the conclusion is forced upon both the excavator and the palæographer. Professor Hilprecht, who, thanks to the abundant materials at his disposal, has been able to found the science of Babylonian palæography, tracing the development of the cuneiform characters from one stage of development to another, and determining the age of each successive form of writing, has made it clear to all students of Assyriology that many of the inscriptions found at Niffer and Telloh belong to a much older period than those of the age of Sargon. The palæographic evidence has been supplemented by the results of excavation. A pavement has been found among the ruins of the temple of Nippur, composed of enormous bricks, some of which are stamped with the name of Sargon, while others bear the name of his son Naram-Sin. The two kings rebuilt the temple of the god, and Naram-Sin also surrounded the city with a second or outer wall fifty-two feet in width, the lower part of which still remains. Above their pavement is a mass of débris rather more than eleven metres in height, the topmost layer of which is coeval with the Christian era. It needed, therefore, the accumulations of nearly four thousand years to raise the mound eleven metres. But below the pavement Mr. Haynes found 9.25 metres of the débris of older buildings, and when it is remembered that this older débris had to be levelled down before the pavement of Sargon could be laid upon it, we may gather some idea of the antiquity to which the lowermost remains reach back. It would seem that the temple of Mul-lil must have been founded at least as early as 6000 B.C.

And yet, as far back as we can penetrate, we still find inscribed monuments and other evidences of civilization. It is true that the characters are rude and hardly yet lifted above their pictorial forms. They have, however, ceased to

be pictures, and have already become that cursive script which we call cuneiform. For the beginnings of Babylonian writing we have still to search among the relics of centuries that lie far behind the foundation of the temple of Nippur.

The first king whom the excavations there have brought to light is a certain En-sag(sak)-ana who calls himself "lord of Kengi" and conqueror of Kis "the wicked." Kengi—"the land of canals and reeds," as Professor Hilprecht interprets the word—was the oldest name of Babylonia, given to it in days when it was still wholly occupied by its Sumerian population, and when as yet no Semitic stranger had ventured within it. The city of Kis (now El-Hymar) lay outside its borders to the north, and between Kis and Kengi there seems to have been constant war. Kis was aided by the Semitic nomads of Mesopotamia, "the Land of the Bow" as it was termed, whose Bedâwin inhabitants are the Sittlu, or "Archers" of the Egyptian monuments. A time came when the Semitic hordes succeeded in forcing their way into Kengi, and it may be that Professor Hilprecht is right in thinking that before the days of En-sag-ana they had already established a kingdom of their own at Erech in southern Chaldaea. However this may be, Nippur was the religious centre of Kengi, and Mul-lil, the god of Nippur, was the supreme object of Sumerian worship. The culture which emanated from Nippur had not yet united with another stream of culture which flowed from the city of Eridu on the Persian Gulf.

En-sag-ana was not the only king of Kengi who had overcome Kis in battle. Another king had done the same, and had even captured the ruler of the hostile city. The statue of the vanquished prince, his store of silver, and the furniture of his palace were all dedicated by his conqueror to the god of Nippur. In the inscription accompanying the gift the king of Kis is entitled "king of the hosts of the Land of the Bow." It is plain, therefore, that the king of Kis

claimed sovereignty also over the Bedāwin "Archers" of the north.

It was not long, however, before Kis more than redeemed its discomfiture. A king of Kis made himself master of Nippur and its sanctuary, and the old kingdom of Kengi passed away. The final blow was dealt by the son of the Sumerian high priest of the "Land of the Bow." Lugal-zaggi-si was the chieftain who descended from the north upon Babylonia and made it part of his empire. In gratitude for his victories he lavished gifts upon the great sanctuary of Mul-lil. Among them were large vases of delicately carved stone, upon which was engraved a long inscription of one hundred and thirty-two lines commemorating his exploits. Fragments of more than one hundred of these vases have been disinterred at Niffer, and the inscription upon them has been patiently pieced together by Professor Hilprecht, almost at the sacrifice of his eyesight. This is how the founder of the earliest Asiatic empire known to us begins his story:—

To Mul-lil the King of the Universe, Lugal-zaggi-si the king of Erech, the king of all the world, the prophet of Anu, the supreme priest of Nidaba, the son of Ukus high-priest of the Land of the Bow and supreme priest of Nidaba, he who has been regarded with favor by the faithful eye of the King of the Universe, the great high-priest of Mul-lil, unto whom intelligence has been granted by Ea, he who has been called by the Sun-god, the supreme minister of the Moon-god, he who has been invested with power by the Sun-god, the fosterer of Ninna, the son begotten by Nidaba, he who has been nourished with the milk of life by Nin-Kharsag, the priest of Umu, the chief priest of Erech, the slave brought up by Nin-a-gid-khadu the mistress of Erech, the supreme interpreter of the gods When Mul-lil, the King of the Universe, invested Lugal-zaggi-si with the kingdom of the world and granted him victory before the world, when he filled all lands with his renown, and subdued them from the rising of the sun to the setting of the sun, at that time he directed his path from the Lower Sea of the Tigris and Euphrates to the Upper Sea, and granted him the dominion over

[all things] from the rising of the sun to the setting of the sun, and caused all countries to dwell in peace.

It is strange to listen for the first time to this voice from a remote past. Lugal-zaggi-si lived centuries before Sargon of Akkad in days which, only a year ago, we still believed to lie far beyond the horizon of history and culture. We little dreamed that in that antiquity the great cities and sanctuaries of Babylonia were already old, and that the culture and script of Babylonia had already extended far beyond the boundaries of their motherland. The inscriptions of Lugal-zaggi-si are in the Sumerian language, and his name, like that of his father, is Sumerian also; yet the nomad "Archers" over whom he ruled can hardly have been other than Semites; and in my Hibbert lectures I have given reasons for holding that the city of Erech must once have been the seat of a Semitic power. If so, we shall have in the name and inscription of Lugal-zaggi-si a further proof of the profound influence exercised by the culture of the Sumerians upon the rude Semitic tribes who lived in the neighborhood of Chaldaea. Not only the script of Babylonia, its language and religion also had been adopted by the ruling classes of the nations that surrounded it. The condition of things which has been revealed to us by the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, when the Babylonian syllabary and language were the common medium of intercommunication throughout western Asia, had been anticipated centuries before. The only difference was that, in the age of Lugal-zaggi-si, the language of Babylonian culture which was thus spread through the Oriental world was the old agglutinative Sumerian, and not the Semitic Babylonian of a later day.

It is clear, from the inscription of Lugal-zaggi-si, that he was the founder of a veritable empire. His father was merely the high priest of the Semitic population of Mesopotamia, like Jethro, "the priest of Midian," or the "priests of Assur" who preceded the earliest kings of Assyria. But he subdued Babylonia, the centre and seat of

Asiatic civilization, making himself master of its sanctuaries, and establishing his capital at Erech, which henceforth in the Sumerian script of Chaldaea bore the proud title of "The City." With the resources of Chaldaea at his back he was able to march westward even as far as the Mediterranean Sea. As he tells us, his dominion stretched from the sunrise to the sunset, from the Lower Sea or Persian Gulf to that Upper Sea where the sun sank to rest. Throughout western Asia all countries obeyed him and he carried the elements of Babylonian civilization to the farthest bounds of Syria.

Babylonia was benefited by the conquests of its new lord. With the spoil that poured into it from distant lands, the walls of Ur were raised "high as heaven," and the temple of the Sun-god at Larsa was enlarged.

But the empire of Lugal-zaggi-si seems to have passed away with his death, and at no long period subsequently a new dynasty arose at Ur. Ur, now Mugayyar, lay on the western bank of the Euphrates, and was therefore more exposed to the attacks of the Semitic Bedâwin than the other cities of Babylonia. It was at the same time brought into closer contact with them in the way of trade, so that while its citizens were necessarily trained to arms they were also exceptionally rich and prosperous. Doubtless these two causes had much to do with the prominent part now taken by Ur in the history of Babylonia. Among the early monuments of Niffer are the inscriptions of a certain Lugal-kigub-nidudu, of whom it is said that "he added lordship to kingdom, establishing Erech as the seat of lordship and Ur as the seat of kingdom." We may gather from this that he had raised Ur to the rank of a royal capital, and had overthrown the last rulers of Erech. The dynasty of Erech had thus been supplanted by that of Ur.

According to Professor Hilprecht, this would have been about 4000 B.C. How long the first dynasty of Ur lasted we cannot tell. It had to keep up a perpetual warfare with the Semitic tribes of northern Arabia, Ki-sarra, "the land

of the herds," as it was termed by the Sumerians. Meanwhile a new state was growing up on the eastern side of the Euphrates in a small provincial city called Lagas, whose ruins are now known as Telloh. Its proximity to Eridu, the seaport and trading depot of early Babylonia, had doubtless much to do with its rise to power. At all events the kings of Telloh, whose monuments have been brought to light by M. de Sarzec, became continually stronger, and the dynasty of Lagas took the place of the dynasty of Ur. One of these kings, E-Anna-gin, at length defeated the Semitic oppressors of northern Chaldaea in a decisive battle and overthrew the "people of the Land of the Bow." A stele was set up in commemoration of the event, now known to Assyriologists as "the Stele of the Vultures." On it are depicted the chief incidents of the war. The corpses of the enemy lie on the field of battle, and a flock of vultures hovers above them ready to devour the slain. In another compartment we see the captives, some of whom are about to be offered up in sacrifice to the gods of the victors. For awhile the Semites, who had been pressing upon Babylonia from the north, were driven back, and the Sumerians were once more supreme.

Heuzey, Hommel, and myself independently arrived at the conclusion that the dynasty of Telloh was earlier than the age of Sargon of Akkad, and in my Hibbert lectures I have assumed that such was the case. Some of the younger Assyriologists, however, have disputed the conclusion, and with more scepticism than knowledge have questioned the antiquity of the older monuments of Telloh. Professor Hilprecht has now shown that palæography demands the date which we have assigned to them, and even while I write a discovery has been made which sets the question at rest. Seals have been found bearing the name of the high priest, Lugal-Usumgal, who lived long after the kingdom of Lagas had passed away, and informing us that he owed allegiance to Sargon of Akkad. The kings of Lagas and their monuments

must accordingly go back to about 4000 B.C.

The kings of Lagas represent the closing days of Sumerian supremacy. With Sargon and his empire the Semitic age begins. The culture of Chaldea is still Sumerian, the educated classes are for the most part of Sumerian origin, and the literature of the country is Sumerian also. But the king and his court are Semites, and the older culture which they borrow and adopt becomes Semitized in the process. For the first time the cuneiform characters are adapted to express Semitic sounds and words, texts are drawn up in Semitic Babylonian or in a Sumerian which has been translated from a Semitic original. The result of this process is a mixed language, not unlike our own English. Just as the official religion of Babylonia from the days of Sargon onward was a combination of Sumerian and Semitic elements, so too the official language of Babylonia was one in which a large portion of the vocabulary was of Sumerian origin, and even the grammar and structure were profoundly influenced by Sumerian modes of speech. The mixed culture of Babylonia was reflected in the mixed language which was used there.

But the process of amalgamation lasted long. For many generations Sumerians and Semites lived side by side, each borrowing from the other, and mutually adapting and modifying their own forms of expression. Semitic idioms and words made their way into Sumerian texts, while the language of the Semitic scribes became filled with borrowed words and phrases. Naturally, however, it was the Semitic conqueror of Babylonia whose language underwent the greatest alteration. When he first arrived in Babylonia he was still an uncultured nomad; the culture was wholly Sumerian, and with the adoption of the culture necessarily went the adoption, to a certain extent, of the language which belonged to that culture. The system of writing with which the culture was indissolubly connected was itself inseparable from the language of which it had originally been

the pictorial expression. Moreover, the literature of the country was in Sumerian. Sumerian was the language of the law, of diplomacy, of religion, in short, of all the departments of the State. Even the rulers of the "Land of the Bow," in adopting the writing of Babylonia, had been obliged to adopt the agglutinative language of Babylonia as well.

It was only very gradually that literature ventured to substitute the language of the Semitic intruder for the older language of the country. The movement seems to have begun under Sargon of Akkad. The great work on astronomy, which was compiled for the library he established in his capital, was written in what we must henceforth term Semitic Babylonian. Translations of Sumerian books were made into Semitic, and grammars and dictionaries and phrase-books were compiled to facilitate the acquisition of the two languages. Misled by the numerous cases in which a Semitic word used at court was really of Sumerian derivation, the scribes began to devise Sumerian etymologies for names and words which were of genuine Semitic origin. Sumerian etymologies alone were held to be respectable, since Sumerian was the language of culture and literature, and the scribes accordingly acted like the etymologists of two centuries ago, who endeavored to connect all English words, whatever might be their source, with Latin or Greek roots.

Sumerian continued to be the language of religion and law—the two most conservative branches of human study—down to the age of Abraham. The cause of this was partly political. The empire of Sargon did not mean the final and definite triumph of the Semitic element. More than once after its fall Babylonia again passed under the rule of a Sumerian dynasty, and the Sumerian language and population continued to predominate in the southern half of the country down to a very late date. Fragments of cuneiform dictionaries, found by Professor Petrie at Tel-el-Amarna, go to show that Sumerian was still spoken in southern Babylonia



in the fifteenth century B.C. It died hard, like the Keltic languages in Great Britain.

But Semitic Babylonian was not a mixed language merely because it was the result of an amalgamation of Sumerian and Semitic elements. Like English, it offered hospitality to words from all parts of the known world. The recent discoveries have shown why this must necessarily have been the case. For unnumbered ages Babylonia had been the centre of culture for the whole of western Asia, and at times it had been the political centre of western Asia as well. As we have seen, the empire of Lugal-zaggesi comprised Mesopotamia and Syria, and extended to the Mediterranean Sea, while that of Sargon and his son Naram-Sin reached from the mountains of Elam to the frontiers of Egypt. It was not only Semitic Babylonian, therefore—or Assyrian, as we are accustomed to call it—which was in contact with the Sumerian language of literature and culture; the other Semitic dialects of western Asia were in contact with it too. And when Semitic Babylonian, with its mixed vocabulary and idioms, began to take the place of the older Sumerian, the influence exercised by the literary speech of Babylonia upon these Semitic dialects became greater than before. The influence, moreover, was not one-sided. We have learnt from the contract tablets that colonies of Canaanitish and Syrian merchants were settled in Chaldaea, where land was allotted to them, and they enjoyed rights and privileges which allowed them to become Babylonian officials, to act as witnesses in Babylonian courts, and to bring their disputes with native Babylonians before special judges of their own. From a remote period, consequently, all the Semitic dialects of western Asia from the Euphrates and Tigris to the Mediterranean had passed under the influence of the ancient agglutinative language of Chaldaea.

The discovery will necessarily revolutionize the current conceptions of Semitic speech. We can no longer be certain that idioms hitherto supposed to

be specifically Semitic were not really once borrowed from Sumerian, or that words which have been pronounced to be of genuinely Semitic origin are not Semitized forms of Sumerian derivation. An explanation is at least afforded us of the fact that the Semitic word for "city" (*ir*) which has been borrowed from the Sumerian *eri* or *uru*, is found in Canaanite and Hebrew, not in Assyrian. The borrowing must go back to the day when the Semitic languages of the west were in contact with the dominant Sumerian, and when the Semitic nomad became acquainted for the first time with the walled and civilized city.

The new facts that have been disinterred from the grave of the past furnish a striking confirmation of Professor Hommel's theory, which connects the culture of primitive Egypt with that of primitive Chaldaea, and derives the language of the Egyptians, at all events in part, from a mixed Babylonian language in which Semitic and Sumerian elements alike claimed a share. We now know that such a mixed language did once exist, and we also know that this language and the written characters by which it was expressed were brought to the shores of the Mediterranean and the frontiers of Egypt in the earliest age of Egyptian history. It must have been at this time that the seal-cylinder—that characteristic product of Babylonian industry—made its way to the Nile. It is a mark and token of the Old Egyptian Empire. After the fall of the Sixth Dynasty it disappears, and, though revived for a time under the kings of the Twelfth Dynasty, it then assumed a new and non-Babylonian shape. But the cylinders of the Old Empire are purely Babylonian in form; one in the Glizeh Museum which bears the name of Menkau-Ra, or Mykerinos of the Fourth Dynasty, cannot be distinguished from Babylonian seal-cylinders of the same age, except by its hieroglyphics, and another which I obtained last winter from Elephantine would be pronounced Babylonian were it not for the Egyptian characters upon it.

Now the Babylonian seal-cylinder was known to the Egyptians in the very earliest days of their history, long before the epoch of the Fourth Dynasty, it may be of Menes himself, the founder of the Egyptian monarchy. One of the hieroglyphs used to denote a high officer of state represents a stone cylinder with a string attached to it, as Professor Petrie's researches at Médûm have made clear. The cylinder is of exactly the same shape as those of Babylonia, where, as we learn from Herodotus, the string was employed to fasten the seal to the wrist. It is impossible that two peoples should have independently lighted upon so peculiar and intricate an invention. In Egypt, moreover, there was no necessity for the use of a seal-cylinder at all, and it was on this account that with the fall of the Old Empire it went out of fashion. In Babylonia, on the contrary, nature itself seemed to force the invention upon the people. Babylonia was an alluvial plain where stone did not exist. Every small pebble, therefore, was precious, while the natural writing material was clay. Hence it was that Babylonia was the mother-land of seal-cutting; and hence it was also that the easiest way of signing a document was by rolling an engraved cylinder over the soft clay.

There was, then, intercourse between Babylonia and Egypt at the very dawn of history, and the inscription of Lugal-zaggi-si, seems to leave no doubt that this intercourse was, in the first instance, carried on by land. When the first ships made their way along the coast of Arabia to the harbors of Egypt we do not know, but it too must have been in a far-off age. Such, at least, is the conclusion to which we are led by the legends of Eridu, once the seaport of prehistoric Chaldaea, though its site is now far removed from the ever-retreating waters of the Persian Gulf.

The intercourse lasted into later ages. Naram-Sin, the successor of Sargon of Akkad, carried his arms to Magan, the name by which Midian and the Sinaitic peninsula were known to the Babylo-

nians, and there contended with Egypt for the possession of the precious mines of copper and malachite. Several centuries later we find the Babylonian princes still keeping up their relations with the distant West. When a second dynasty arose at Ur (B.C. 2700), whose kings made themselves supreme throughout Babylonia, their vassal Gudea, the high priest of Lagas, imported materials for his temples and palaces from all parts of the known world. Hewn stones were brought from "the land of the Amorites," as Syria and Palestine were named, alabaster from the Lebanon, cedar beams from the forests of the Amanus, blocks of hard stone from Samalum, north of the Gulf of Antioch, gold-dust and acacia-wood from the great "salt" desert which lay between Egypt and Canaan, and diorite from the quarries of the Sinaitic peninsula. Out of this diorite Chaldean sculptors carved the seated figures which are now in the Louvre, and which remind us so forcibly of Egyptian art in the age of the Old Empire. It was not the first time, however, that the artists of Lagas had sent to Magan for the hard and intracutable stone out of which they essayed to carve the lineaments of the human form. Long before the age of Gudea, before even that of Sargon of Akkad, when Lagas was the capital of an independent principality, one of its kings, Ur-Nina by name, had dedicated to his god two statues of stone which had been brought from the Sinaitic peninsula. Gudea did but carry on the traditions of the past.

The library of thirty-three thousand tablets discovered by M. de Sarzec at Telloh, of which I have already spoken, belongs to the age of Gudea. Like the thirty-two thousand tablets and fragments carried away by the American expedition from the ruins of the library of Nippur, the collection contains—to quote the words of Professor Hilprecht—"syllabaries, letters, chronological lists, historical fragments, astronomical and religious texts, building inscriptions, votive tablets, inventories, tax-lists, plans of estates, contracts," etc.

When to these collections we add the contents of other libraries of the same date, disinterred for the Turkish government, under the direction of Dr. Scheil, at Abu-Habba, or Sippara, at Jokha, or Isin, at Warka, or Erech, and elsewhere, it will be seen that the Assyriologists have plenty of work in store for them, and that even the historical revelations of to-day are likely to be surpassed in interest and importance by those of to-morrow. It is true that the larger number of tablets hitherto found are contracts relating to the lease and sale of property or the trading transactions of the ancient world, but it is also true that it is just these contemporaneous records of a past civilization which throw most light on the social life of early Babylonia and its commercial relations with the rest of the civilized East, while the value to the historian of the dates attached to them cannot be over-estimated.

Thanks to the tablets already examined—a fraction though they be of the whole number now in our hands—the history of Babylonia from the period of Gudea onwards is every day becoming clearer and more distinct. We already know as much about the inner life of the Babylonians in the age of Abraham as we do about the inner life of the Greeks in the age of Themistokles. And with this increase of our knowledge has come a widening of our conceptions as to the character and extent of ancient Babylonian culture. It was a culture that had spread throughout the whole of western Asia, and, in the course of centuries, had taken deep root therein. Along with the culture and writing of Chaldaea had gone the language and religion of the Babylonians. The recollection of the empires of Lugal-zaggi-si and Sargon of Akkad never faded away; up to the era of the Eighteenth Dynasty of Egypt, when conquest had handed over to the Pharaohs the political power in western Asia once possessed by the Babylonian kings, the sovereigns of Babylonia never forgot their ancient claims to rule in Syria and Palestine. Whenever a dynasty arose strong

enough to bind Babylonia into a united monarchy, it carried its arms to the shores of the Mediterranean and restored the political supremacy of Babylonia in the distant "land of the Amorites." The second dynasty of Ur, under which Gudea lived, was followed by a third dynasty, and numberless contracts exist dated in the reigns of its kings. One of the latter, Inè-Sin by name, for two successive years carried on war against the Phœnician city of Simyra (the Zemar of Gen. x. 18), while his daughter received the fief of Markhasi, now Mer'ash, in northern Syria. His grandson, Gimil-Sin, signalized the first year of his reign by over-running the land of Zabsali in the Lebanon.

The third dynasty of Ur had to make way for what the native chronologists called the first dynasty of Babylon. But this dynasty was not of Babylonian origin. The names borne by the kings show that they must have come from southern Arabia, and spoken a language more closely allied to Hebrew than to Semitic Babylonian. They were Semites indeed; but the native compilers of the philological tablets regarded them as foreigners. Their rise was contemporaneous with other troubles in Babylonia. The country fell under Elamite dominion, and a rival kingdom to that of Babylon was established in the south, with its capital at Larsa, under an Elamite prince. But Canaan and Syria still obeyed the new lords of Chaldaea. Eri-Aku or Arloch, the king of Larsa, calls his father, though at home merely a subordinate Elamite prince, "the father of the land of the Amorites."

It was Khammurabi or Ammi-rabi, the Amraphel of Genesis, who finally put an end to this period of disunion and subjection. He rebelled against his Elamite suzerain and attacked his rival at Larsa. The history of the war has now been cleared up for us, partly by some fragmentary tablets recently discovered by Mr. Pinches, partly by letters of Khammurabi himself, which have just been found by Dr. Scheil in the collections at Constantinople. Eri-

Aku or Arioch had been supported by Kudur-Lagghamar, the king of Elam, and with Elamite help had driven Sin-idinnam, the former king of Larsa, out of southern Babylonia. Sin-idinnam fled to the court of the king of Babylon, and there awaited his opportunity. At last Khammurabi felt himself strong enough to proclaim his independence of Elamite authority. At first, however, the tide of war turned against him. Kudur-Lagghamar, the Chedor-laomer of Genesis, summoned to his help the Umman Manda or nomad "nations" of Kurdistan, whose chief apparently was Tudghula, the Tid'al of Genesis, and with their aid he captured Babylon and desecrated its sanctuary of Bel-Merodach. But the gods came to the assistance of Khammurabi, and in the end he was successful. The yoke of the Elamite was shaken off, Larsa was restored to its former lord, and Khammurabi ruled over an independent and united Babylonia. One of his letters refers to the statues and other presents which he bestowed upon Sin-idinnam "as a recompense for his valor on the day of Kudur-Lagghamar's defeat."

But the ruler of united Babylonia was ruler also of western Asia. Khammurabi once more assumes the title of "king of the land of the Amorites," or Syria and Palestine, and his great-grandson, Ammisatana, calls himself "king of Babylon, of Kis (or Mesopotamia), of Sumer and Akkad (or Babylonia), and of the land of the Amorites." From henceforth Babylon is the acknowledged head of western Asia, and when its political power waned with the rise of that of Egypt its religious and literary influence still remained undiminished. It was not till the days of Darius and Xerxes, and Zoroastrian unbelievers, and the old *prestige* finally passed away from the city of Bel-Merodach, and it ceased to be the sacred city of the Oriental world, the Rome of the ancient East, which alone could give a legitimate title to the reviver of the empire of Lugal-zaggi-si.

A. H. SAYCE.

From Good Words.

A TEN SHILLING TRAGEDY.

SCENE I.

PEACE AT BURNFOOT.

Burnfoot is a lonely spot. It lies at the foot of the back avenue to Barn-craig, and the wind, stirring among the branches of the great beech trees, whispers uncannily over the three forlorn cottages of which the hamlet consists. The old quarry-hole at the back of the houses is filled with stagnant water, irresistibly suggestive of drowning, which suggestion is not lessened by the known fact that the body of a child was found in the pool some years ago.

The scene has other cheerless features. The houses are faced by the Quaker's Mill, whose great water-wheel, stopped by disaster, rots in the weather. The green slopes that shut the lonely hamlet in, run upward till beyond them the eye finds only the bare hilltops and the sky. It is true that a railway crosses the road within sight of the doors, but the mineral trains which flash through the Glen leave it lonelier than ever, as lightning seems only to deepen the darkness by dispelling it for a moment. A few farm carts use the road, which is deeply rutted and overgrown with weeds.

The signalman and his family occupy one of the cottages, but the dreariness of Burnfoot has stamped itself even upon this comparatively comfortable household. The children play about noiselessly and their mongrel puppy barks as if its own voice frightened it. Oddly enough, at the time when my story begins, cheerfulness was most at home in the little hamlet where it might least have been looked for, under the roofs of two half ruinous cots, built gable to gable, wherein dwelt an old man and an old woman who had lived till it seemed as if death had overlooked the meagre harvest of their souls.

The elder of the two, Granny Wilde, was a little wizened woman in whom

the vital spark had almost burned out. Her furrowed face and knotted hands were of a bloodless pallor and grey with the gathered dirt of years. The skin of her neck clung to the sinews in yellow folds and her bleached eyelids dropped continually, through want of vigor to sustain themselves, over her faded eyes. She moved with difficulty, leaning upon her stick.

In the dim background of Granny's consciousness lay a busy life. She had been wife and mother, but the very names of her children could only be summoned out of the past by a strong effort of memory. She lived in the sensations of the moment. Life to her meant tea and soup, scraps of soft meat, a draw of the pipe, the warmth of the fire and the heat of the sun. One passion possessed her whole soul and being. Her spirit's never-failing cry to God and man was for more coal. She thought of little else than the getting of coal and would cunningly twist any conversation round to the subject that lay at her heart. Our little ones at Barneraig watched her store and never allowed it to become quite exhausted; but although she lived chiefly upon our benevolence, we knew that she had little faith in it. She feared the fires of hell less than she feared the extinction of the fire in her grate. It was her custom to hobble up to Barneraig daily, when the weather permitted, for milk and scraps, and often, with amusement, we have watched her prowling round the out-house where the coal was kept till she could snatch a lump, as she thought, unseen, and bear it off gleefully under her shawl to add to the bing at home.

Our mastiff represented to her the powers of evil in the world. The hatred which she bore to him was for long a mystery to us. As she passed by his kennel the dog would almost choke himself upon his chain. His fury explained itself when Granny was caught one day hooking his dish towards her and picking out of it the best of the bones which had been put there that he might whet his great

teeth upon them. The feeble old woman, undaunted by his rage, shook her stick at him angrily as she hirpled off in triumph with the tit-bit of his supper under her shawl. It was well that when off the chain Nero was magnanimity itself. The twins often made him carry Granny's soup to Burnfoot in a can, but no power on earth could induce him to enter her cottage. He would wait at the door, whining and unhappy, till they reappeared. Granny heeded him not at all. She hated him only as the guardian of the bones, and feared nothing except that her coal might run down.

Between Granny Wilde and her neighbor, Danny Mann, a jealous friendliness subsisted. Danny, who was comparatively young, being only a little over eighty years old, could still, at times, do odd jobs for the farmers. Thus he did not live entirely upon charity.

It was in the matter of their coal supply that the old couple were permanently jealous of one another. It had become a fixed idea in Granny's mind that her neighbor helped himself from her store, and many an hour she spent staring into Danny's coal-shed in the hope of being able to identify as hers some peculiarly shaped lump of coal. It made Danny cross to find her thus occupied, his idea being that she was feeding the lust of her eye and would no doubt break through and steal at the first convenient opportunity. He labored hard upon the fence between the yards, but the poor crazy barrier wanted for its repair more skill and wood than he possessed.

Thus the old couple lived side by side, in outward amity, but with the canker of distrust eating at the roots of their friendship.

Danny was nearly as unwashed as his neighbor, but his cheeks were more fleshy, and in the centre of each glowed a patch of crinkly red which seemed to have been stereotyped there by the hand of time. His back was much bent, so that in a sitting posture his small mousey head, with its spotted cheeks and ferretty blue eyes, was



thrust inquisitively forward to the level of his knees.

Against the wall, between the doors of the cottages, was a bench on which Danny often sat, sucking industriously at his short black pipe, whether there was anything in it or not. This pipe was the chief link between him and Granny Wilde. The old lady dearly loved a draw at it, and to procure this blessed privilege she was often forced to give Danny a cup of tea brewed from the leaves that had made her own, or a spoonful or two of her soup from the Barnacraig kitchen. As she would say, Danny had "a crap for a' corns."

So it happened that upon an autumn morning, Danny, in tattered sleeved-waistcoat and corduroys, crept out into the sunshine and sat him down upon the bench at his cottage door. The day was warm and soft. The dead leaves were dark with the night-dew. The slopes were greenening with the blades of the second crop, the sunshine lay cheerily upon the stubble and the warm stacks of fodder that were still standing in the fields. Even the spokes of the mill-wheel sparkled where the light caught the dew in its mosses.

The morning called for indulgence. Danny fished his pipe out of his waistcoat pocket, with a sigh that had many meanings in it. He knocked the dottle out upon his grimy palm and put it back again carefully to the last grain of fugitive ash. Then he pulled up his waistcoat, and groping deep in his trouser-pocket, drew forth a small round metal box out of which he took a two-inch screw of twist tobacco. From this he cut about half-an-inch with a dilapidated pen-knife and proceeded to crumble it carefully in the hollow of his hand. He then filled his pipe as one who would prolong a pleasure to the utmost, and, all being ready for the pleasant sacrifice, he called out in a thin, cracked voice,—

"Are ye steerin', Granny?"

Granny was dozing over an empty teacup by the side of the fire. Her

head twitched. She heaved up her eyelids with an effort.

"Ay, 'deed am I. Is't warrm oot by?" she answered.

"Fine, wumman, fine! Hae ye a licht in yer fire?"

"Ou ay; though I kenna' hoo lang I'll hae ony coal for't. They're slippin' awa some gait. A'e ye for a draw?"

"I had thochts o't."

"Come ben for yer licht, then."

Danny arose without straightening himself, and, subduing the twinkle in his cunning eyes, entered Granny's hospitable abode. He knew that Granny would expect a draw for the light, but he meant to get something else out of her as a makeweight to the bargain.

Upon the invitation of the old lady's blink at the fire, Danny thrust callous fingers into the embers and extracting a live coal, set it in the bowl of his pipe. The fragrant smoke drifted towards Granny's nostrils. She waved her head to and fro in it, and Danny could see that she was rising eagerly to the bait.

"Hae ye had yer parritch?" she asked, in the unexpected way peculiar to her. Her remarks were as expressionless sometimes as those of a mechanical doll.

"I've had my cogfu', gey thin," admitted Danny reluctantly.

"Could ye scrape a pat?"

"Brawly. I'm sharp-set, wumman, thae mornin's."

Granny went to the sink for the porridge-pot and brought it to Danny, with a horn spoon. He put his pipe on the chimney-piece, and scraped till Granny began to be afraid for the bottom of her pot. She was blinking eagerly at the pipe, but Danny feigned not to know what was in her heart. He meant to finish off his repast with a cup of tea, and Granny was keeping the second drawing for her own mid-day meal.

"I'd best haud the pipe in tae ye're ready," she suggested, reaching up a trembling hand to the chimney-piece.

"Thank ye," Danny interposed,

throwing the spoon into the pot, and clutching his pipe, "I'm just dune, an' it's no oot yet." He puffed till the thick yellow smoke flew from his lips.

"I'll gang oot by," he added; "I like the smell o't in the caller air."

Granny acknowledged that she was beaten.

"I wadna mind a draw o' the pipe masel'," she said.

"Weel, if ye're roon' by the back I'll maybe see ye," was Danny's diplomatic reply.

Granny felt that she had wasted her porridge on the desert air. She dissembled the wrath that was in her, but made up her mind savagely to make Danny pay to the last suck of his pipe for the cup of tea which she was forced to offer him.

"Wad ye no' like a cup o' tea," she said civilly; "the kettle's on the bile. I could mask it in twa meenits."

Danny smiled all over.

"Dod, wumman," he answered, "it wad tak' the stour oot o' ma thrapple fine. I'm rael obleeged to ye for the offer."

"An' ye'll gie me a draw o' the pipe whiles ye're takin't?"

"Ou, ay! Ou, ay! Ye're welcome tae a bit draw, Granny."

The bargain was struck, but both diplomats had still a move in hand. Danny puffed for dear life to get as much out of the pipe as possible before it left his hands. He knew the tenacity of the old woman, who had once smoked his dottle out, a feat one would scarce have thought she had breath enough to perform.

But Granny was quite alive to this move of her adversary, and took prompt measures to checkmate it. At least in the time that one of her own sleepy eyelids took to twinkle in, she had poured hot water into the teapot and out again into the cup. She knew that Danny liked his tea hot, and would give up the pipe rather than see it cooling under his nose; and, sure enough, with a heavy sigh and a last long-drawn inhalation, he put the pipe

into her eager hands, and busied himself with the scalding tea.

Granny closed her lips upon the shank as if she had been an Aunt Sally with a hole bored in her face. Then, seizing her stick, she shuffled out into the sunshine, and sat down upon the bench with the contented look in her face that always came there when she was being fed with soup, or was watching the addition of a barrow-load of coal to her store.

Soon afterwards Danny came creeping out and sat down humbly beside her. After a short silence he ventured to say:—

"Ye'll hurt yersel', Granny, gif ye smoke ony mair."

The old woman snorted and looked straight ahead of her, puffing with the steadiness of a steam engine. Danny began to whisper gossip into her ear, hoping that she might answer him and let the pipe go out; but beyond grunting softly at intervals, and sucking with mechanical precision, she gave no sign of being alive.

And so peace reigned in Burnfoot, while the mists rolled up the hillside and the sun dried the withered leaves, and warmed the blood in the veins of the old couple on the bench. Nor were the soft grunts of Granny, the treble of the old man gossiping, the purl of the stream, and the twittering of the sparrows overhead, an orchestration wholly out of sympathy with the world-forgotten spirit of the scene.

## SCENE II.

### THE WASHING OF GRANNY WILDE.

Mysterious are the ways of Providence. As Granny Wilde sat scowling at the inoffensive mill-wheel and sucking the last vestige of vapor out of Danny's pipe, great things were on their way towards her. If she had guessed what was in store for her, the elation of her soul over the defeat of Danny would have lost something of its serene expansiveness.

The twins, who were, in this instance, the messengers of fate, were not in themselves awe-inspiring, but

in virtue of the deed which they had resolved to do upon the body of the old woman, their light-hearted approach was a move of sinister importance in the game of life.

They danced down the avenue like a pair of overgrown fairies, but in their faces was a prettier vehemence than is ever seen in the tranquil atmosphere of fairyland. Blue-eyed, long-legged Ethel's brows were puckered under the hood of her scarlet cloak, and sturdy little Kathleen's black eyes burned with the intensity of the purpose that lay behind them. Poor old Granny! Disaster was marching towards her in six-inch strides as she sat in the sunshine sucking the heart out of Danny's cherished dottle.

Nero, in his most amiable mood, bounded along in front of the twins. His great tongue lolled out at the side of his black muzzle, and the ponderous muscles bulged under his skin as he lunged up the banks or leapt around the twins like a real kitten romping in a toy world.

"Mind, Kathy," said Ethel, trying to frown, "it must be, this time. It's not right that Granny should go about always with such a dirty face. She's old enough to know better."

"W'ot if s'e kwies again, Effie?"

"I don't believe it hurts grown-up people to cry. It does them good."

"If it 'ont tum off, w'ot'll 'oo do?"

"Oh, but it will. I'll make it. Have you got the soap and the flannel?"

"Vef, an' ve baccy. Mind, I'm to give vat to Danny."

"I know what I'll do with Granny's half-sovereign. I'll put it where she can see it when we're scrubbing her. She won't cry then."

"W'ot'll 'oo do, Effie, if s'e dies?"

"Drown myself in the quarry, that's all."

They were passing the dismal hole. Kathy peeped through the brambles and her feelings overcame her. She stood still and wept aloud. Nero dashed up and began to bark in ferocious sympathy. But the power of Ethel's will was equal to the occasion. She caught Kathy's hand and began to

run. Thus, with Nero dashing on in front and barking as if he would make a mouthful of the world, the expedition debouched in a whirl of excited feeling upon the main road where Granny sat serenely smoking with Danny's angry eyes fixed upon her face.

Nero, at once concluding that the occasion of his young mistress's tears was the presence in the world of this bad old woman, rushed at her open-mouthed as if the moment had come when he must make a meal of her iniquity. Granny did not know how gentlemanly a dog he was when off the chain. She only knew that her natural enemy had taken her unawares. The pipe dropped from her mouth, and Danny caught it as it fell. She rose to her feet and advanced undauntedly upon Nero with her skinny fingers extended like the claws of a cat. The dog stopped so suddenly in his mad career, that he sank upon his haunches in the middle of the road. He could not turn at once, and before he recovered full control of his mind and muscles the old woman's fingers were almost at his muzzle. He backed slowly, growling and baring his teeth in nervous excitement, and, having gained distance enough to turn in, whisked round suddenly and fled as if the devil were after him. And indeed granny, her mummy-like face contorted with passion, mowing and mouthing, and threatening the creature with her shrivelled claws, was a sufficiently terrifying object to justify his flight.

But when Ethel and Kathleen came running up to her, crestfallen Nero slinking far in the rear, Granny's excitement had passed away.

"Eh, deary me," she pegged, leaning on Ethel's shoulder, "that dug's no canny. Ma stren'th's no what it was, but him or me'll be the waur o't some day."

"I'm so sorry he frightened you," said Ethel soothingly.

Granny's face showed a fine contempt.

"Him fricht me. Na, na, hinny, but I canna' thole the brult."

"Go home, you bad dog," cried Ethel, stamping her foot angrily at poor Nero, whose eyes were full of sad reproach, and who yet would not leave his young mistresses in such deadly peril, but went and sat afar off, and watched the door of the cottage with an aching heart.

Granny sank into her armchair and struggled for breath, the whole mechanism of each respiration visible in the working of the sinews of her lean throat. When her lungs had ceased to strain and labor, Granny's bleached eyelids began to droop wearily over her dull eyes, and to Ethel's consternation she seemed about to go to sleep peacefully in the presence of her visitors. This was disconcerting to the twins, who consulted together in whispers as to the possibility of washing her face while she slept, but decided that if she should chance afterwards to catch sight of herself in the cracked mirror on the chimney-piece, she would probably die of fright. While they talked, Granny woke up suddenly, like a dead person coming to life, and cried angrily:—

"Ma pipe? Whaur's ma pipe?"

"Danny caught it as it fell," said Ethel.

"The black-hearted auld thief! Sautan choke 'm! There was a dizen draws in't yet," and again Granny fell softly asleep, her head hanging over on one side, looking as if it might drop off at any moment through the snapping of the frail link of neck that held it on her shoulders.

Granny sleeping, with her mouth open, her eyelids blinking, and her head in danger of falling off, so terrified little Kathleen that her heart sank into her shoes. She buried her face in Ethel's cloak and felt safe, for never scarlet covered a stouter heart than this sweet lass's, whose blue eyes mask so kindly the resolute temper of her soul.

"Wake up, Granny!" cried Ethel, pulling the wrinkled fingers with her soft, warm hand. Granny snorted indignantly, and her head fell over still further with a dislocating jerk.

Ethel caught up the poker and began to break up the gathering coal that Granny had put upon the fire to keep it in through the eat of the day. The sound penetrated the old woman's sleep instantly, and in a moment she was wide awake.

"Eh, mind the coal, missie, mind the coal," she cried. "The winter's near haun' an' they're maist dune. I dinna ken what I'll dae wantin' coal. Could ye no' spare a hunner' or twa up by?"

"All right, Granny," said Ethel, who had slipped the kettle on the fire, "you'll get some before the winter; but what have you done with the last lot? It's not a week since you got it."

"Eh, me, deary me, d'yesaysae? Weel, weel, it canna de dune yet, but it slips awa', slips awa' like snaw off a dyke. I'm aye fea't I'll dee in the cauld some nicht. There's nae warrm days noo. I mind days whan a fire wad hae sca'det ye. Dinna' break the galth-erin', dearie. It's awa' wastry."

But the deed was done, and while the flames leapt under the kettle, Ethel moved over to the window.

"Why, Granny," she cried, "there's heaps of coal in your shed."

"Na, na, juist twa, three bittles, an' wha kens if they'll be there the morn? Come here tae I whisper in yer ear. I'm fear't for ma life to speak oot loud."

Ethel danced over to her chair, and into an ear like a little pink shell Granny poured the tragic secret:—

"Danny steals ma coal!"

"Oh, no, no," protested Ethel, "Danny wouldn't do such a thing."

"Then whaur does it gang?" cried the old woman triumphantly.

"Why, your fire is never out, Granny, night or day."

"Ma fire! No muckle o' it gangs on ma fire. But I'll catch 'im yet. He's no dune wi' me."

"Now, Granny, don't excite yourself. When you've taken this nice soup, Kathy and me are going to wash your hands and face, and make you pretty and clean."

Granny's expression fell from the

height of passion into the depth of abject despair.

"I canna thole watter on ma skin," she whined piteously.

"It'll soon be over," Ethel said coaxingly.

"I'll get ma daith o' cauld," moaned Granny.

"What, with warm water?"

"It's no the washin', but the win' blaws cauld on a clean skin."

"Nonsense, you old silly. Andrew washes the pigs to fatten them."

"Ay, maybe, but I'm no a pig, an' I'm ower auld to fatten noo." And Granny caught up a corner of her druggel apron with an alarming snifter that made Ethel drop the argument for the moment. She poured the soup into a willow-pattern bowl that stood ever at Granny's elbow to receive the daily dole from the big house. Granny never stopped to think of her plight! if this cruse had failed her. The soup came and she supped it. If it didn't come, she went for it to BarnCraig and grumbled all the way there and back again. She needed so little food, and it seemed so easy to procure, that no fear of starvation ever troubled her. Coal was her only anxiety. She did not dream that death could get at her except by cutting her off from the external warmth that kept the blood liquid in her veins.

She fell asleep more than once while Ethel fed her. It seemed to her that there was no urgency, for if she took long enough over the soup the little ladies would forget what they had come to do. Ethel, too, did not hurry. The fixity of her purpose disdained precipitancy. When the soup was finished she whisked off her cloak and stood forth in the dainty brown apron that she wore when she washed the faces of her dolls. She filled the biggest bowl she could find with hot water and plumped into it the beautiful new cake of soap which Kathy had brought.

"Now, Granny," she said, "you mustn't splutter, or you'll get the soap in your mouth and eyes."

"Let me aff this ae time, deary. I'm

feelin' unco queerlik' the day, an' I canna' be fashed wi' nae nonsense. I'm fear't I'm gaun to dee," pled the old woman tearfully.

"You promised, Granny, and you mustn't draw back," Ethel urged firmly.

"Eh, but I'm a' in a tremble. It's an awfu' cauld thing dookin'."

"The water's nearly boiling. Feel it," said Ethel.

"I'll be sca'det to daith then. Tak' awa' that bowl. I'll whummle it ower ye if ye come ae step nearer me!"

"Granny, if you dare! You'll get no coals this Christmas."

"Kirs'miss? I'll ne'er see anither Kirs'miss. I'll be cauld eneuch or that. I haena' a week's coal left, an' whan it's dune, I'm dune."

"Well," said Ethel, sharp to see her advantage, "do you know what that is?" She held the half-sovereign up temptingly.

"The mercy o' the Lord upon us, it's gowd!"

"And it's for you, Granny, when your face is washed. You'll be rich and able to buy coals. There it is—waiting! Now, are you ready?"

"Ye're no' cheatin' me, missie? Ye'll no tak' the bonny bit awa' again?"

"No. It's yours the moment we're done. Quick, Kathy, the soap! And put the towel on Granny's knee."

"I'm bocht, I'm bocht," whined the old woman. "Hae your wull o' me. I ne'er thoet to be wash't tae I was streekit." Then, shutting her eyes tightly, she gripped the elbows of her chair and moaned, "Tell me whan a's ower."

The washing proceeded apace. Kathleen held the bowl, Ethel scrubbed at hands and face and neck. The poor old creature blinked and gasped, and uttered little sobbing death-cries when the soap strayed into her eyes or mouth, which it did often, for, between the half-sovereign and her outraged feelings, she could keep neither shut for more than a second at a time.

In the middle of the washing Nero looked in at the door and gave vent to his feelings in a prolonged howl



of terror and dismay. The dog's protest brought Danny upon the scene and there he stood staring, with dropped jaw and bulging eyes, till a deadly fear crept about his heart and he fled back into his den lest it should be his turn next to suffer the tortures of the bowl.

The twins left their victim with an unfamiliar face and a broken heart, sleeping the sleep of exhaustion in her chair, an old shawl thrown over her head to keep the chill out of the pores. But she was not wholly wretched, for, if she was clean, she was rich. While she slept, her fingers, plunged deep in her great bag-pocket, played with the wonderful gift which God or the devil had sent to her. Her troubled dreams were full of dog-fiends, and thieves, and avarice; and the firmament seemed suddenly to crawl like a mitey cheese, with prying eyes and lean, covetous fingers that waved, fringe-like, in the air.

And Danny hid his tobacco under the mattress of his bed, and sat by it wondering and wondering if the twins had told Granny of the great store of joy that had come to him. He resolved that while the fine weather lasted, he would smoke down in the wood by the burnside, and when it became too cold to do that, he would bar the door and cheat Granny's keen old nostrils by blowing the reek up the chimney.

The twins had come down like fairies upon Burnfoot, and the devil, with his tongue in his cheek, was quietly putting a match to the train they had laid.

### SCENE III.

#### THE WORKING OF THE YEAST.

On the morning after the washing Granny waked early in a panic. The night mists still lay heavy in the hollow, and the signalman's cock had not yet seen light enough to justify him in crowing over the birth of another day.

The old woman felt an unwonted chilliness about her neck and face. At first she thought that she had left the door open when she went to bed, but gradually her senses awakened to the

memory of the outrage which had been committed upon her. She pulled the blankets over her head, and lay still with a feeling of accomplished misfortune weighing upon her heart. But as she meditated upon the cruelty of treating the living as it is seemly to treat the dead, a gleam of comfort stole into her slow-working brain. She slipped a hand under her pillow and felt there the gold piece that had been her undoing. She reflected that, at least, she was no longer a pauper. Untold comforts shimmered in her mental vision like a midnight sunrise in the far north of life. She fell to dreaming, in the boundless faith of second childhood, of the good things that it was now in her power to buy, and increased the purchasing power of her fortune enormously by making it buy in turn each long dreamed-of comfort, and then coming to the joyful conclusion that as it was in her power to get any one of them, all these blessings were already hers.

The first thing that Granny did on rising was to set in order for another day the mainspring of her feeble life by breaking up the gathering coal. She then examined her face anxiously in the bit of scratched looking-glass that stood on the chimney-piece.

"Michty me!" she whimpered, "I dinna' ken masel'. That's no' me! I ne'er had white chafts lik' they. Gif it is me, I maun be deen' on ma feet. It'll be the money for ma bural thae weans has brocht me." And, sitting down in her armchair she had a tearless cry over the scrap of looking-glass, which glimmered like a corpse-light in her lap.

But ere she had finished crying, she had forgotten what she had begun to cry about, and was only conscious of the feeble flicker of appetite that waited upon her night's abstinence. She set about getting breakfast, which consisted of bread soaked in milk and heated upon the hob in a jelly can, and a cup of strong tea. So much heartened was she by this repast, that the black curtain of woe dropped unnoticed from the background of her

mind. She forgot the fearsome white face she had seen in the glass; and, remembering only that she was now a lady of fortune, sat down contentedly to enjoy a golden day-dream, fondly rubbing the talisman with her wrinkled forefinger as it lay, a world of power, in the hollow of her hand.

She was still sitting thus when Danny knocked at the door. Her first impulse was to hide her treasure from his covetous eyes; but it was chiefly in the matter of coals that she suspected him of moral laxity, and it seemed to her quite reasonable that one should have a lapse in this direction and yet be honest in all things else. So the purse-proud old lady resolved to treat herself to the pleasure of telling Danny of the fortune which had come to her, and she anticipated keen enjoyment from watching his greedy eyes hungering over her gold piece. It must be remembered that Granny was brave, and never doubted her power to protect herself and all that belonged to her from the open attack of man or beast.

"Come ben, man!" she called out cheerily.

Danny opened the door, which was never locked, and hirkled over to the fire. His eyes twinkled meaningly from the kettle to the teapot, but he plugged the bowl of his well-filled pipe with a resolute thumb and shoved it deeper down in his pocket. He remembered what had happened on the day before.

"Hoo's the banes the day?" he asked civilly, spreading his disengaged hand luxuriously to the warmth of the fire.

"Fine, man, fine," nodded Granny. "Hoo's yersel'?"

"Teh, a wee stiff in the hinges, but no ready for the beddin' yet. You an' me tholes weel, Granny."

"Huils, we're no' that auld, Dan'l. We aye hae oor mouths yet. Wad ye like a drap tea to lay yer parritch?"

Danny was startled. It was unlike Granny to give something for nothing in this way. Could the shrewd old woman have guessed that he had a chock full pipe in his pocket? He would be wary, but the first principle

of his philosophy was never to refuse a good offer.

No wonder Danny was puzzled. Granny was playing the lady bountiful for the first time in her life. She was, moreover, enjoying in her inner consciousness a delicious little comedy wherein her neighbor played the part of clown.

Groping dimly in the darkness of his mind for the reason of things as they were, Danny made answer abstractedly:—

"Think ye kindly. A mouthfu' wad drive the cauld aff ma stamach blythely."

From his thoughtfulness Granny concluded that he had caught a glimpse of the gold through her closed fingers, but she was minded to play with the pleasure of the great surprise, and went about the getting of Danny's tea with the air of one who gives generously out of an abundant store.

Danny sat on the edge of his chair and eyed her movements suspiciously. From the reckless way in which she used the poker he inferred that his hoard of tobacco was no secret from her, and waited, with all his wits on the defensive, for her first move in the direction of getting a share of it. He feared the old woman's cunning, which he knew to be greater than his own, and furtively shoved his pipe further down in his pocket as he made ready to drink the tea and repel the attack.

Thus the spirits of these two wily diplomatists fenced in the air above their poor old bodies, which were seemingly full of peace and good-will towards each other and all the world.

The tea being masked, Granny rinsed out her cup at the sink and filled it generously to the brim. Danny took the tea from her hand in a gingerly way and looked at it so distrustfully that Granny cried briskly:—

"What ails ye at the tea, man? Sugar it for yersel', an' there's the milk to yer haun'. The last cup's aye the best. Tak' it aff het."

Danny put in milk and sugar, and comforted his inward man with a warm, sweet draught.

"Ay, it's rael guld," he commented, wiping his mouth appreciatively with the back of his hand. "Noo, I won'er whit that tea'll be the pun'?"

"It's frae the big hoose. Fegs, they tell me Angus has three shillin's a pun' for't. I'm thinkin' o' glein' the body an order for some o't masel' sune."

"A bit quarter, maybe? The likes o' us canna' buy tea."

"Can we no'? I'm no' sae puir as a' that, Danny Mann. I hae mair siller than the king kens o', or you eyther, Danny."

"Ye're a wee boastfu' the day, Granny."

"Maybe ay, an' maybe no. There's a wheen boasts hasna' sae muckle reason for't as I hae."

Danny's small blue eyes were coming out of his head with curiosity.

"Wha's been glein' you siller? he squeaked out angrily.

If the Kirk Session had done this, he would see the minister that very day. They had no right to pass his door. Had somebody told them that he had got a present of tobacco?

"Ye'll speir lang that wye afore I'll answer ye," replied Granny haughtily. "It wad be an ill deed to put you on their back that gied it to me."

"Gied ye what?" whined Danny, with tears in his voice.

"That!" cried Granny, opening her hand dramatically and showing the gold upon her palm.

Danny stood as if under the influence of a galvanic shock. His hand shook so that he could scarcely hold the cup. He stared into Granny's outspread palm as a bird might look into the eyes of a snake.

"God's truth, it's gowd!" he whispered huskily, when at length he could believe his eyes. Then he sat down stunned. Such benefactions had been going when he was not in the way! He felt like a man who had lost his all upon the stock exchange. If the money had come from Barneraig, he had been swindled, cheated out of his birthright with a paltry pound of tobacco.

Dazed by regrets that buzzed like bees in his head, he listened dumbly while Granny dilated garrulously upon the delights that lay within the fateful coin, whose potency was to her like the lamp that laid the world at the feet of Aladdin. She did not deign to take notice of the chagrined silence of her auditor. If Danny had not been so completely crestfallen, her disappointment would have been bitter, and the sweets of arrogance would have been something wanting in their flavor.

At length Danny, who was awakening to the complacent speculations of the elated old woman, could stand it no longer, and muttering that he had forgotten "to gie the soo her brock," slunk out of the cottage with greed in his eyes and wrath in his soul. He turned upon the threshold, and, shaking his fist at the closed door, muttered viciously: "Ye auld black besom, ye, I wadna' won'er but ye steal't it!"

The poor sow did not get her brock so graciously as Danny had got his cup of tea, but by the satisfaction of her grunt she seemed to have a better digestion than her master.

Thus it came about that this aged couple became estranged through the entirely well-meant efforts of the twins. Granny enjoyed too thoroughly the discomfiture of her old friend to make any effort to break down the barrier which her wealth had set up between their hearts. She conceived it to be the duty of the poor to knock at the door of the rich. Danny would swallow his pride in time and come for his tea as before. Meanwhile, the flavor of life was finer than she had yet tasted. The spice of gratified vanity was hot upon her wrinkled palate, and a bright yellow disc came between her and the swift-nearing tomb.

As long as his tobacco lasted, Danny smoked the days sulkily away, wandering by the burnside in fine, or crouching over the fire in foul weather; and when his supply was nearly exhausted he meditated ruefully upon the purchasing power of Granny's safe-kept talisman. With the last gurgling

suck of his last pipeful, it was revealed to him, in a blast of envy that shook his frail old body as with ague, that three pounds of thick black twist lay, lost to humanity, in the stocking of Granny Wilde. This thought, which had burst like a fire-ball in his brain when his pipe went out, continued to smoulder there and to leap into flame whenever a whiff from a passing pipe found its way to his nostrils. It became evident to Danny that his neighbor stood terribly in the way of his pleasure; but there she stood, as bold and cunning and watchful as she was frail and lonely and old. The half-sovereign was as far away from Danny as if the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street had had it in her keeping.

## SCENE IV.

## THE NIGHT OF THE STORM.

Granny Wilde was certain that Danny could not have kept so good a fire burning in his grate if he had not helped himself from her suspiciously dwindling store. When the firelight shone through his small back window and danced upon the floor of her coal shed, she saw in this the finger of Providence pointing out the theft. She had never been much of a churchgoer, but neither was she so entirely a heathen as not to give heed to such a manifest sign.

It was not so miraculously indicated to Danny that his neighbor tampered with his coal supply, but he had fairly good judicial mundane ground for believing that Granny had at least the intent to rob him of his precious caloric. She could not keep her fingers from the farmers' coal carts when they passed her door, and would have been brought before a Justice of the Peace long ago for picking and stealing if it had not been obvious to the local policeman that she wanted to go, on the chance of getting a cart of coals out of his worship.

It was known to everybody that she had nearly put out Watty Wilson's eye upon an occasion when her lust for coal got the better of her honesty.

Watty is the guard of a mineral train, and his story is that when he was taking a freight of coal through the Glen one day, the skin of his face was cut by a frightful iron-shod stick protruding like a bayonet from the briar hedge which at that point almost sweeps the sides of the trucks as they pass. With the cold sweat running down his back, and a selection of choice oaths upon his lips, he peered savagely into the hedge, and saw looking out at him the wrinkled face of a witch. The train was round the curve before he could stop it, but running back along the metals he found Granny Wilde calmly filling her poke with the pieces of coal that she had dislodged from the trucks with her fearful-looking pike. Neither the guard's eloquence nor the company's threats had much effect upon Granny's intrepid soul, but she was brought to repentance by a letter from the parish doctor threatening the workhouse if she was again found meddling with the coal trucks on the railway. Thenceforth, Granny pretended not to know that there was a railway in the neighborhood, and would not even glean upon the level crossing when the carts had jolted over it. This did not so much matter, for the shaking so loosened the coal that some of it was sure to fall in the roadway just about the door of Granny's cottage. Fate, or, as some say, Granny's stick, had a way of invoking the force of gravitation at that particular spot.

Danny felt that all his efforts to keep in repair the fence between his yard and Granny's were justified. During the fine weather of November he made great progress with this work of demarcation, and it was then that (whether moved by superstition or not will never be known) he built into his fence a fair seeming plank which had been lifted from the floor of the pulpit. He quite reasonably assumed that if it had been strong enough to keep the minister from sudden translation in the wrong direction, which would have been like saying the Lord's Prayer backwards, it was sufficiently

tough to resist the lateral pressure of Granny Wilde; and so it would have been, no doubt, if the stars in their courses had not fought for her.

Granny watched the building up of the fence very much as France and Russia watch the strengthening of the British navy. She did not dare to interfere, but she tingled to the fingertips with suspicion. Often, when she thought no eye beheld her, would she sally forth and feel with tremulous fingers every stave and nailhead in the offensive barrier. It did not occur to Danny, who watched this operation, that she was searching for the secret gate by which he proposed to gain access to her store of coal; yet after each unsuccessful examination Granny was more firmly convinced that such an opening existed. Her suspicion concentrated itself upon the pulpit plank, yet Danny had put more nails into it than in all the rest of the fence. It was his bulwark, his first line of defence, against witch or woman, and when he had driven the last nail in its goodly length, he rested from his labors. He had confidence in the work of his hands, and chuckled when he watched Granny searching, as he thought, for the weak spot in the barrier.

But upon a night in the beginning of December, a mighty wind came round by Burnfoot. The groaning and creaking of the trees, and the flapping of every loose thing in the hamlet kept Granny Wilde nodding over her fire to a much later hour than usual. The smoke blew into her face in angry puffs and sometimes the wind, like a human hand, seemed to be lifting the latch of the door. It was the kind of fearsome night when old folk are in dread that something will happen to them, when, in fact, God is using the world so roughly that guttering candles are afraid of being blown out.

Granny, as we know, was not a timid woman, but the strength which she displayed at any time was nervous, and on such a night as this her nerves were like the almost worn-out strings of a violin which have been screwed

up till they are ready to break at a touch.

As she dozed over the fire, a prey to all sorts of indefinite apprehensions, the storm seemed to grow in violence with every fresh gust. The walls of the cottage shook, and the wind fought with the doors and windows as if nothing would content it but to make a clean sweep of the interior. At the height of the turmoil Granny heard with dismay a great wrenching noise in the back yard, followed by a loud crash. The old woman jumped to the terrifying conclusion that the wind had carried off her coal-shed bodily. She hurried to the window, but the darkness was too thick to be pierced by her aged eyes, so she sat down again wearily, imagining strange disasters in the little world of her comforts, the little world that looms so large when its end is near at hand.

The wind seemed to have spent its fury in the last mischievous clap, and soon afterwards died down into a condition of moaning unrest. In the comparative calm, Granny's indomitable spirit prompted her to venture out into the yard to see what damage had been done. She lit her old-fashioned, round-bellied lantern, and, taking it in hand, cautiously lifted the latch of the door. The rush of the wind was not so strong as to frighten her, and she stepped out into the damp, desolate-looking yard. A gentle rain was falling, but the night was not cold, and Granny had a thick shawl over her head and shoulders. To her great joy she found the coal-shed uninjured. Holding the lantern up, she peered curiously round. The familiar place struck her as new and strange. The yard seemed to have grown to twice its size. In another moment she saw what had happened. Danny's fence lay prone upon the ground. The wind had made matchwood of the rotten plank from the old pulpit, and had torn up the whole crazy structure by the roots.

As she looked, a great resolution formed itself in Granny's mind. God had given her the chance of a life-time to get back from Danny some tithe of



what he had stolen from her. His coal-heap lay at her mercy, and not even Danny could be mad enough to suspect her of approaching it on such a night. She turned the lantern upon his window. All was dark. No doubt the old man was sound asleep. Granny hesitated no longer. She set to work, and, in her noiseless list shoes, silently crossed and recrossed the prostrate fence with bucketsful of Danny's coal.

She set the lantern on the ground midway, and by its light an uncanny-looking picture might have been made out; the frail old figure toiling stiffly and sorely in the black night, giving, as she passed through the rays of light, glimpses of a corpse-like face puckered into such a look of angry obstinacy as is seen sometimes upon the faces of the very old when they sleep uneasily.

But Granny's feeble strength ebbed rapidly in the excitement and tremors of her midnight raid. Soon her heart labored painfully, and she could scarcely draw breath. She felt that a fit of coughing was coming on, when Danny would assuredly waken and catch her in the act; so she made one last gasping effort and tottered back to her own door with the lantern and a half-filled bucket of coal. She barred the door behind her in a panic and collapsed into her seat. There, for some minutes, she lay with her head on the back bar of the chair, scarcely conscious and struggling for breath. She had thrown off the shawl, which was choking her, and her thin grey hair hung loose over the top bar of the chair. Her life held by a single thread but the thread did not snap then, and ere long she struggled back to a kind of excited consciousness. A fit of coughing followed, or rather, of a strange suppressed rattling and wheezing in her chest, that would have frightened any one but herself. When this was over, she leant forward exhausted upon the arms of her chair, but was far too nervously awake to think of going to bed.

She mended the fire with Danny's coal, and settled herself, without a qualm of conscience, to enjoy the first

fruits of her iniquity. The half-waking dream into which she fell was very warm and pleasant. In the centre of it shone, like a miniature sun, the bright disc of a new half-sovereign, for Granny's fingers had stolen into her leathern pocket, and were deliciously conscious of the touch of minted gold. So sped a brief time of exquisite happiness while she slipped gently from the glow of waking satisfaction into the soft sheen of golden-tinted dreams. Striking, indeed, was the contrast between the poor old worn face, with its hard-set mouth, and dull, blinking eyes, and the serene complacency of the tottering ego within. So Granny waked and slumbered, while the flames leapt from the stolen fuel, and the lamp-wick sucked up the last few drops of oil in the reservoir, and the clock upon the chimney-piece measured, with ferocious ticks, the tag-end of a long and dreary life.

The mouse that ran out upon the hearthstone and whisked back again into its hole so quickly may have seen Danny's cruel face at the window or may have heard his stealthy step in the yard. The old man, lying in a box-bed at right angles to the window, had wakened while Granny was making her last trip across the fallen fence. The light of the lantern flashed in his eyes. In a moment he was out of bed and pressing his face against the window-pane, while his whole body shook with righteous indignation. At last he had caught the thief in the act, and away backward in his mind trailed a long wake of suspicion that now seethed and boiled with certainty. His brain had room in it for only one idea, that of instant reparation. Nor did he ever seem in doubt as to what shape that reparation should take. He found bedded in his mind, without any consciousness of its having grown there, the conviction that Granny's cherished piece of gold was now his in the sight of God and man, and he pulled on his clothes with hands that itched to be at the task of taking his own.

His first idea was that if Granny were in bed, he would slip in and steal

the half-sovereign while she slept. But when he looked in at her back window and saw her nodding serenely over the fire with a bucket of his coal by her side, the wings of his anger bore him on to face the resolute old woman there and then and bear down her opposition with the weight of his righteous demand. So he crept back into his own house, and, taking off his shoes, went to Granny's front door, and cautiously lifting the latch peered into the room.

At that moment Granny was asleep, and he was able to steal into the middle of the floor before the old woman, wakening with a jerk and a faint whimper, opened her eyes upon her enemy. It was characteristic of her indomitable spirit that she instinctively gripped the handle of the coal-bucket to defend it, rather than herself, from the threatened attack.

The action added fuel to Danny's wrath, so that he stood in front of her, bent by his rheumatism into a venomous attitude, clenching hands and shaking with speechless accusation.

Granny's body was very feeble. Her head lay almost helplessly upon the chair-back, but her will was as strong as ever. She did not flinch from the fight.

"Wha's coals hae ye there?" Danny hissed.

"I hae them ony wye, an' I'll keep them," was Granny's faint reply.

"An' ye'll pay for them, ye auld besom, ye!" screamed Danny.

"Ay, wi' what ye've steal't frae me. Nae ither wye."

"Ye'll pay for them wi' yer gowd, ma wumman, or ma name's no Danny Mann."

Granny sat up as if a spear had pricked her.

"Wha'll mak' me?" she asked.

"I'll mak' ye!" roared Danny.

"Gae oot o' ma house," the fearless old woman answered, "or I'll put ma nails on ye."

"I ken whaur ye keep it," cried Danny. "It's here!" and he clutched at a small white teapot with blue flowers on it that stood upon the shelf of

the dresser. The lid fell on the floor, and he thrust in a greedy hand but brought it forth empty. In the moment when his back was turned to her, Granny's fingers went quickly to her mouth. She pretended to be wiping her lips with the back of her hand, but her face wore a look of triumph which irritated Danny to the verge of madness.

"Ay, find it," she mumbled sarcastically.

Danny approached her threateningly, and shook his fist in her face.

"Whaur is't, ye auld thief, whaur is't? Gie it up, or I'll throttle the lif oot o' ye!"

The flame of battle leapt into Granny's eyes. She pushed herself up by the arms of her chair and stood erect, bending towards her antagonist. What she would have done will never be known, for Danny's fingers just touched her throat when there was a sound in it like the bubbling of water, and she fell back into her seat. Her head struck the back of the chair and rolled over sideways, the light went out of her eyes, which became fearful on the instant, the lines of her face relaxed, the lower jaw dropped, and the half-sovereign slipped from her toothless gums and tinkled on the floor.

Danny drew back terrified, his soul protesting that he had not laid a finger on her. Then he put his face down to hers, and it would have been difficult to say which of the two was the more deathlike.

Keeping his own eyes fixed upon the dead woman's, he bent down and stealthily picked up the half-sovereign; then, still watching the body and holding one arm at guard, he backed slowly to the door and darted out, leaving it wide open behind him.

So they found Granny in the morning, when the winter sunshine was streaming in at the open door, lying like an old worn-out wrapper that life had thrown down upon a chair.

The district was very sympathetic with Danny over the loss of his old neighbor and crony. No one was surprised that he was too much shaken

to attend the funeral; and Hamilton, the Mulrtown grocer, from whom he bought three pounds of thick black twist for which he paid in gold, thought the world was not so bad after all, since there were kindly souls in it who knew what sort of comforter an old man needed.

So, in the mild, soft spring that followed, Danny would sit upon his bench, pipe in mouth, listening to the full-throated music of the burn and watching, out of his solemn repose, the restless activity of nature. And as he sat there, tasting the twin joys of his life—idleness and tobacco—the good people passing by saluted him respectfully, their regard falling significantly upon the closed door of Granny's cottage, and their kind hearts pitying the loneliness of the poor old man. A ripple had come upon the quiet current of life in this forgotten hamlet, but the wind of passion had subsided, and peace reigned again in Burnfoot and in the soul of Danny Mann.

JOHN REID.

From *The Cosmopolis*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES KINGSLEY.

My friend Charles Kingsley was a strong man. His life and character are well known from that excellent biography published by his gifted widow, not much more than a year after his death. This "Life" of hers really gave a new life to him, and a new popularity and influence to his writings. In him, too, what I admired besides his delightful character was his poetical power, his brilliant yet minute and accurate descriptions of nature, and the characters he created in his novels. With all the biographies that are now published, how little do people know after all of the man they are asked to love or hate! In order to judge of a man, we ought to know in what quarry the marble of which he was made was carved, what sunshine there was to call forth the first germs of his mind, nay even whether he was

rich or poor, whether he had what we rightly call an independence, whether from his youth he was and felt himself a free man. There is something in the character of a man like Stanley, for instance, which we have no right to expect in a man who had to struggle in life like Kingsley. The struggle for life may bring out many fine qualities, but it cannot but leave traces of the struggle, a certain amount of self-assertion, a love of warfare, and a more or less pronounced satisfaction at having carried the day against all rivals and opponents. These are the temptations of a poor man which do not exist for a man of independent means. It is no use shutting our eyes to this. Every fight entails blows, and wounds, and scars, and some of them remain for life. Kingsley seems to have had no anxieties as a young man at school or at the university, but when he had left the university and become a curate, and, more particularly, when he had married on his small curacy and there were children, his struggles began in good earnest. He had often to write against time; he had to get up subject after subject in order to be able to write an article, simply that he might be able to satisfy the most troublesome tradesmen. He always wrote at very high pressure; fortunately his physical frame was of iron, and his determination like that of a runaway horse. People may say that he had the usual income of a country clergyman, but why will they forget that a man in Kingsley's position had not only to give his children an expensive education, but had to keep open house for his numerous friends and admirers? There was no display in his quiet rectory at Eversley, but even the simplest hospitality entails more expense than a small living can bear, and his friends and visitors ranged from the lowest to the highest—from poor workmen to English and foreign royalties. As long as he could wield his pen he could procure the necessary supplies, but it had to be done with a very great strain on the brain. "It must be done, and it shall be done," he said; yes, but though most of his work was done, and

well done, it was like the work of an athlete who breaks down at the end of the day when his victory is won. People did not see it and did not know it, for he never would yield, and never would show signs of yielding. When, towards the end of his life, a canonry was offered him, first at Chester, then at Westminster, he felt truly grateful. "After all," he said to me, "these stalls are good for old horses." His professorship at Cambridge was really too much for him. He was not prepared for it. Personally he did much good among the young men, and was certainly most popular. At Cambridge as a professor he did his best, but he had hardly calculated *Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusent*. Anyhow, the work soon became too much even for his iron constitution, and he was glad to be relieved. The fact is that Kingsley was all his life, in everything he thought and in everything he did, a poet, a man of high ideals, and likewise of unswerving honesty. No one knew Kingsley, such as he really was, who had not seen him at Eversley, and among his poor people. He visited every cottage, he knew every old man and old woman, and was perfectly at home among them. His "Village Sermons" gave them just the food they wanted, though it was curious to see every Sunday a large sprinkling of young officers from Sandhurst and Aldershot sitting quietly among the smock-frocked congregation, and anxious to have some serious conversation with the preacher afterwards. Kingsley was a great martyr to stammering, it often was torture to him in a lively conversation to keep us all waiting till his thoughts could break through again. In church, however, whether he was reading or speaking extempore, there was no sign of stammering; apparently there was no effort to overcome it. But when we walked home from church he would say, "Oh, let me stammer now, you won't mind it."

He was not a learned theologian, his one idea of Christianity was practical Christianity, honesty, purity, love. He was always most courteous, most will-

ing to bow before higher authority or greater learning; but when he thought there was anything wrong, or mean, or cowardly, anything with which he, as an honest man, could not agree, he was as firm as a rock.

His favorite pursuits lay in natural science. He knew every flower, every bird, every fish, and every insect in his neighborhood, and he had imbibed a belief in the laws of nature, which represented to him indirectly the thoughts of God. When, therefore, after a long continuance of drought, the bishop of his diocese ordered him to have a special prayer for rain, he simply declined. He would pray for the good gifts of heaven, offer thanks to God for all that he was pleased to send in his wisdom, but he would not put our small human wisdom against the divine wisdom; he would not specify what he thought was good for us, for God knew best. He had no difficulty in persuading his farmers and laborers that if they had any trust in God, and any reverence for the divine wisdom that rules the world, they would place all their troubles and cares before him in prayer, but they would not beg for anything which, in his wisdom, he withheld from them. "Thy will be done," that was his prayer for rain. There was great commotion in ecclesiastical dove-cotes, most of all in episcopal palaces. All sorts of punishments were threatened, but Kingsley remained throughout most respectful, yet most determined. He would not degrade his sacred office to that of a rain-maker or medicine-man, and he carried his point. "In America we manage these things better!" said an American friend of Kingsley's. "A clergyman in a village on the frontier between two of our States would pray for rain. The rain came, and it soaked the ground to such an extent that the young lambs in the neighboring State caught cold and died. An action was brought against the clergyman for the mischief he had done, and he and his parishioners were condemned to pay damages to the sheep farmers. They never prayed for rain again after that."

Kingsley incurred great displeasure

by the support he gave to what was called Christian Socialism. His novel, "Alton Locke," contained some very outspoken sentiments as to the terrible sufferings of the poor and the duties of the rich. Kingsley, Frederick Maurice, and their friends, did not only plead, but they acted; they formed societies to assist poor tailors, and for a time the clothes they wore showed but too clearly that they had been cut in White-chapel, not in Regent Street. Poor Kingsley suffered not only in his wardrobe, but in his purse also, owing to his having been too sanguine in his support of tailoring by co-operation.

However, his books, both in prose and poetry, became more and more popular, and this meant that his income became larger and larger.

Publishers say that novels and sermons have the largest market in England and the Colonies, and Kingsley provided both. All went on well; even his being stopped once in the middle of a sermon by a clergyman who had invited him to preach in his church in London, but did not approve of his sermon, did not hurt him. He had many influential friends; both the queen and the Prince of Wales had shown by special marks of favor how much they appreciated him, and he had a right to look forward to ecclesiastical preferment and to a greater amount of leisure and freedom. One unexpected cloud, however, came to darken his bright and happy life. Some people will say that he brought it upon himself, but there are certain clouds which no honest man can help bringing upon himself. He, no doubt, began the painful controversy with Newman. Having seen how much misery had been caused among some of his dearest friends by the Romanizing teaching under the auspices of Newman and Pusey, he made the mistake of fastening the charge of dishonesty, half-heartedness, and untruthfulness on Newman personally, instead of on the whole Roman Catholic propaganda in England from the time of Henry VIII's apostasy from the Roman Church to Newman's apostasy from the Church of England. I shall not

enter into this controversy again. I have done so once, and have been well punished for having ventured to declare my honest conviction that throughout this painful duel Kingsley was in the right. But Kingsley was clumsy and Newman most skilful. Besides, Newman was evidently a man of many friends, and of many able friends who knew how to wield their pens in many newspapers.

In spite of having taken a most unpopular step in leaving the national Church, Newman always retained the popularity which he had so well earned. I have myself been one of his true admirers, partly from having known many of his intimate friends at Oxford, partly from having studied his earlier works when I first came to England. I read them more for their style than for their contents. If Newman had left behind him no more than his exquisite university sermons and his sweet hymns he would always have stood high among the glories of England. But Kingsley also was loved by the people and surrounded by numerous and powerful friends. It must be due to my ignorance of the national character, but I have certainly never been able to explain why public sympathy went so entirely with Newman and against Kingsley; why Kingsley was supposed to have acted unchivalrously and Newman was looked upon as a martyr to his convictions, and as the victim of an illiberal and narrow-minded Anglican clique. Certain it is that in the opinion of the majority Kingsley had failed, and failed ignominiously, while Newman's popularity revived and became greater than ever.

Kingsley felt his defeat most deeply; he was like a man that stammered, and could not utter at the right time the right word that was in his mind. What is still more surprising was the sudden collapse of the sale of Kingsley's most popular books. I saw him after he had been with his publishers to make arrangements for the sale of his copyrights. He wanted the money to start his sons, and he had a right to expect a substantial sum. The sum offered him seemed almost an insult, and yet he



assured me that he had seen the books of his publishers, and that the sale of his books during the last years did not justify a larger offer. He was miserable about it, as well he might be. He felt not only the pecuniary loss, but, as he imagined, the loss of that influence which he had gained by years of hard labor.

However, he was mistaken in his idea that he had labored in vain. Immediately after his death there came the most extraordinary reaction. His books sold again in hundreds of thousands, and his family received in one year a great deal more from his royalties than had been offered him for the whole copyright of all his books. People are more willing now to admit that though Newman may have been right in his "Apologia pro Vita Sua," Kingsley was not wrong in pointing out the weak points in the moral doctrines of the Roman Catholic system, more particularly of the Jesuits, and the dangers that threatened his beloved England from those who seemed halting between the two Churches, the one national, the other foreign, the one reformed, the other unreformed. His death was a severe blow to his country, and his friends could not help feeling that his life might have been prolonged. It was a sad time I spent with him at Eversley, when his wife lay sick and the doctors gave no hope of her recovery. He himself was very ill at the time, but a doctor whom the queen had sent to Eversley told him that with proper care there was no danger for him, that he had the lungs of a horse, but that he required great care. In spite of that warning he would get up and go into the sick-room of his wife, which had to be kept at an icy temperature. He caught cold and died, being fully convinced that his wife had gone before him. And what a funeral it was! But with all the honor that was paid to him, all who walked back to the empty rectory felt that life henceforth was poorer, and that the sun of England would never be so bright or so cheerful again now that he was gone. Though I admired, as who did not, his

poetical power, his brilliant yet most minute and accurate descriptions of nature, and the lifelike characters he had created in his novels, what we loved most in him was his presence, his delightful stammer, his downright honesty, and the perfect transparency of his moral nature. He was not a child, he was a man, unspoiled by the struggles of his youth, unspoiled by the experiences of his later years. He was a perfect specimen of noble English manhood.

Having been particularly attached to his young niece, he at once allowed me a share in his affections, and when other members of her family shook their heads, he stood by me and bade me be of good courage till the day was won, and she became my wife. That was in 1859. Here are some verses he had addressed to his two nieces, to my wife and to her sister, afterwards Mrs. Theodore Walrond (died 1872):—

TO G \* \* \* .

A hasty jest I once let fall—  
As jests are wont to be, untrue—  
As if the sum of joy to you  
Were hunt and pic-nic, rout and ball.

Your eyes met mine: I did not blame;  
You saw it: but I touched too near  
Some noble nerve; a silent tear  
Spoke soft reproach and lofty shame.

I do not wish those words unsaid.  
Unspoilt by praise or pleasure, you  
In that one look to woman grew,  
While with a child, I thought, I played.

Next to mine own beloved so long!  
I have not spent my heart in vain.  
I watched the blade; I see the grain;  
A woman's soul, most soft, yet strong.

- A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give  
you;  
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and  
grey:  
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave  
you

For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be  
clever.

Do noble things, not dream them, all day  
long:

And so make life, death, and that vast  
forever

One grand, sweet song.

In the original, as written down in her  
album, there is a third verse between  
the two:—

I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol  
Than lark who hails the dawn on breezy  
down,  
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel  
Than Shakespeare's crown.

F. MAX MULLER.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
NOVELS OF IRISH LIFE.

"What Ireland wants," said an old gentleman not very long ago, "is a Walter Scott." The remedy did not seem very practical, since Walter Scotts will not come to order, but the point of view is worth noting, for there you touch the central fact about Irish literature. We desire a Walter Scott that he may glorify our annals, popularize our legends, describe our scenery, and give an attractive view of the national character. In short, we know that Ireland possesses pre-eminently the quality of picturesqueness, and we should like to see it turned to good account. We want a Walter Scott to advertise Ireland and to fill the hotels with tourists; but as for desiring to possess a great novelist simply for the distinction of the thing, probably no civilized people on earth is more indifferent to the matter. At present, indeed, a Walter Scott, should he appear in Ireland, would be apt to have a cold welcome. To write on anything connected with Irish history is inevitably to offend the press of one party, and very probably of both. The history of Ireland is a history of defeat. Ireland has never had a Bannockburn; and this makes it hard for any novelist to foster a national pride which prefers to feed on ignorant imaginations.<sup>1</sup> Yet some of Scott's great-

est triumphs were made out of unprosperous causes, and certainly such themes are not lacking in Irish history; Owen Roe O'Neill and Sarsfield are figures not less heroic than any in Scotch annals. But the novelist who should represent Irish patriotism as it was in Owen Roe's day would be called strange names. Thackeray, though an Englishman, came in for copious abuse on the score of his Irish characters, and it is hard for any Irishman not to feel resentful towards him. Yet one has never heard that London bankers resented Sir Barnes Newcome. Had Thackeray been an Irishman and handled society in Dublin as he handled it in London, the poor man might have lived where else he pleased, but Dublin would never have held him. The honor of producing a great satirist would not have salved the wounds of his satire. Lever is less of a caricaturist than Dickens, yet Dickens is idolized while Lever has been bitterly blamed for lowering Irish character in the eyes of the world; the charge is even repeated in the "Dictionary of National Biography." That may be patriotic sentiment, but it is not criticism.

Literature in Ireland, in short, is almost inextricably connected with considerations foreign to art; it is regarded as a means, not as an end. The belief is general among all classes of Irish people that the English know nothing of Ireland, and consequently every book is judged by the effect it is likely to have upon English opinion, to which the Irish are naturally sensitive since it decides the most important Irish questions. But apart from this practical aspect of the matter, there is a morbid national sensitiveness which desires to be consulted. Ireland, though she ought to count herself amply justified of her children, is still complaining that she is misunderstood among the nations; she is forever crying out for some one to give her keener

legends contained in it had no literary merit. A resolution was promptly proposed in the Royal Irish Academy requesting him to rescind, or apologize for this statement.

<sup>1</sup> Professor Atkinson, in the preface to his edition of "The Book of Lecan," stated that the

sympathy, fuller appreciation, and exhibit herself and her grievances to the world in a true light. The result is that kind of insincerity and special pleading which has been the curse of Irish literature. By the term Irish literature we do not mean the indigenous tales and poetry of Gaelic tradition; nor do we speak now of modern efforts to reproduce them, like Mr. Standish O'Grady's "Coming of Cucullain." We write of a literature which has its natural centre in Dublin not in Connemara, which looks eastward not westward. That literature begins with the "Drapier Letters;" it continues through the great line of orators in whom the Irish genius (we say nothing of the Celtic) has found its highest expression; and it produced its first novelist, perhaps also its best, in the unromantic person of Maria Edgeworth.

Miss Edgeworth had a sound instinct for her art, disfigured though her later writings are by what Madame de Staël called her "triste utilité." Her first story is her most artistic production. "Castle Rackrent" is simply a pleasant satire upon the illiterate and improvident gentry who have always been too common in her country. In this book she holds no brief; she never stops to preach; her moral is implied, not expressed. A historian might, it is true, go to "Castle Rackrent" for information about the conditions of land-tenure as well as about social life in the Ireland of that day; but the erudition is part and parcel of her story. Throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, setting aside great towns, the main interest of life for all classes is the possession of land. Irish peasants seldom marry for love, they never murder for love; but they marry and they murder for land. To know something of the land question is indispensable for an Irish novelist, and Miss Edgeworth graduated with honors in this subject. She was her father's agent; when her brother succeeded to the property she resigned, but in the troubles of 1830 she was recalled to the management and saved the estate.

"Castle Rackrent" is therefore, like Galt's "Annals of the Parish," a historical document; but it is none the worse story for that. The narrative is put dramatically into the mouth of old Thady, a lifelong servant of the family. Thady's son, Jason Quirk, attorney and agent to the estate, has dispossessed the Rackrents; but Thady is still "poor Thady" and regards the change with horror. Before recounting the history of his own especial master and patron, Sir Condy Rackrent, last of the line, Thady gives his ingenuous account of the three who previously bore the name: Sir Patrick, Sir Murtagh, and Sir Kit. Sir Patrick, the inventor of raspberry whiskey, died at table: "Just as the company rose to drink his health with three cheers he fell down in a sort of fit and was carried off; they sat it out; and were surprised in the morning to find that it was all over with poor Sir Patrick." That no gentleman likes to be disturbed after dinner, was the best recognized rule of life in Ireland; if your host happened to have a fit, you knew he would wish you to sit it out. Gerald Griffin in "The Collegians" makes the same point with his usual vigor. A shot is heard in the dining-room by the maids down-stairs. They are for rushing in, but the manservant knows better: "Sure, don't you know, if there was any one shot the master would ring the bell." After Sir Patrick, who thus lived and died, to quote his epitaph, "a monument of old Irish hospitality," came Sir Murtagh, "who was a very learned man in the law and had the character of it;" another passion that seems to go with the land-hunger in Ireland. Sir Murtagh married one of the family of the Skinflints; "She was a strict observer for self and servants of Lent and all fast days but not holidays." However, says Thady (is there not a strong trace of Swift in all this?),—

However, my lady was very charitable in her own way. She had a charity school for poor children where they were taught to read and write gratis, and where they

were well kept to spinning gratis for my lady in return; for she had always heaps of duty yarn from the tenants, and got all her household linen out of the estate from first to last; for after the spinning, the weavers on the estate took it in hand for nothing, because of the looms my lady's interest could get from the Linen Board to distribute gratis. . . . Her table the same way, kept for next to nothing; duty fowls, and duty turkeys, and duty geese came as fast as we could eat them, for my lady kept a sharp lookout and knew to a tub of butter everything the tenants had all round. . . . As for their young pigs we had them, and the best bacon and hams they could make up, with all young chickens in the spring; but they were a set of poor wretches, and we had nothing but misfortunes with them, always breaking and running away. This, Sir Murtagh and my lady said, was all their former landlord, Sir Patrick's, fault, who let 'em get the half year's rent into arrear; there was something in that to be sure. But Sir Murtagh was as much the contrary way—

We have abridged my lady's methods, and we omit Sir Murtagh's, who taught his tenants, as he said, to know the law of landlord and tenant. But, "though a learned man in the law, he was a little too incredulous in other matters." He neglected his health, broke a blood-vessel in a rage with my lady, and so made way for Sir Kit the prodigal. Sir Kit was shot in a duel, and Sir Condry came into an estate which, between Sir Murtagh's law-suits and Sir Kit's gaming, was considerably embarrassed; indeed the story proper is simply a history of makeshifts to keep rain and bailiffs out of the family mansion. Politics, the one subject in Ireland which can rival the interest of land, though it is only another aspect of the same passion, comes very slightly into the life of an Irish country gentleman. Sir Condry fought an election, which mended no holes in his purse; for he "was very ill-used by the government about a place that was promised him and never given, after his supporting them against his conscience very honorably, and being greatly abused for it, which hurt him greatly, he having the name

of a great patriot in the country before." Poor Sir Condry; he was the very moral of the man who is no man's enemy but his own, and was left at the last with no friend but old Thady. Even Judy Quirk turned against him, forgetting his goodness in tossing up between her and Miss Isabella Moneygawl, the romantic lady who eloped with him after the toss. She deserted before Judy; here is a bit of the final scene. Thady was going up-stairs with a slate to make up a window-pane.

This window was in the long passage, or gallery as my lady gave orders to have it called, in the gallery leading up to my master's bedchamber and hers. And when I went up with the slate, the door having no lock, and the bolt spoilt, was ajar after Mrs. Jane (my lady's maid), and as I was busy with the window, I heard all that was saying within. "Well, what's in your letter, Bella, my dear?" says he. "You're a long time spelling it over." "Won't you shave this morning, Sir Condry?" says she, and put the letter into her pocket. "I shaved the day before yesterday," says he, "my dear, and that's not what I'm thinking of now; but anything to oblige you, and to have peace and quietness, my dear,"—and presently I had the glimpse of him at the cracked glass over the chimney-piece, standing up shaving himself to please my lady.

However the quarrel comes on in a delightful scene, where Sir Condry shows himself at all events an amiable gentleman; and so my lady goes home to her own people. There you have Miss Edgeworth at her very best; and indeed "Castle Rackrent" received such a tribute as no other novel ever had paid to it. Many people have heard how when "Waverley" came to the Edgeworth household, Mr. Edgeworth, after his custom, read it aloud almost, as it would appear, at one sitting. When the end came for that fascinated circle, amid the chorus of exclamations, Mr. Edgeworth said: "What is this? *Postscript which ought to have been a preface.*" Then there was a chorus of protests that he should not break the spell with prose. "Anyhow," he said, "let us hear what the

man has to say," and so read on to the passage where Scott explained that he desired to do for Scotland what had been done for Ireland; "to emulate the admirable fidelity of Miss Edgeworth's portraits." What Maria Edgeworth felt we know from the letter she posted off "to the Author of 'Waverley,' *Aut Scotus aut Diabolus*."

It would be unkind to compare Scott with his model. For the poetry and the tragic power of his novels one would never think of looking in Miss Edgeworth. Her work is compact of observation; yet the gifts she has are not to be under-valued. She is mistress of a kindly yet searching satire, real wit, a fine vein of comedy; and she can rise to such true pathos as dignifies the fantastic figure of King Corny in "Ormond," perhaps the best thing she ever did. But she had in her father a literary adviser not of the negative but of the positive order, and there never was a more fully developed prig than Richard Edgeworth. His view of literature was purely utilitarian; to convey practical lessons was the business of all superior persons, more particularly of an Edgeworth. In "Castle Rackrent" his suggestions and comments are happily relegated to the position of notes; in the other book they form part and parcel of the novel. "The Absentee," for instance, contains admirable dialogue and many life-like figures; but the scheme of the story conveys a sense of unreality. Every fault or vice has its counterbalancing virtue represented. Lady Clonbroney, vulgarly ashamed of her country, is set off by the patriotic Lady Oranmore; the virtuous Mr. Burke forms too obvious a pendant to the rascally agents old Nick and St. Dennis. It is needless to say that the exclusively virtuous people are deadly dull. It is the novel with a purpose written by a novelist whose strength lies in the delineation of character. Miss Edgeworth can never carry you away with her story, as Charles Reade sometimes can, and make you forget and forgive the virtuous intention.

What was unreal in Miss Edgeworth

became mere insincerity in her contemporary Lady Morgan. Few people could tell you now where Thackeray got Miss Glorvina O'Dowd's baptismal name; yet "The Wild Irish Girl" had a great triumph in its day, and Glorvina stood sponsor to the milliners' and haberdashers' inventions ninety years before the apotheosis of Trilby. "O'Donnell," which is counted Lady Morgan's best novel, gives a lively ideal portrait of the authoress, first as the governess-grub, then transformed by marriage into the butterfly-duchess. But the book is a thinly disguised political pamphlet. "Look," she says in effect, "at the heroic virtues of O'Donnell, the young Irishman, driven to serve in foreign armies, despoiled of his paternal estates by the penal laws; look at the fidelity, the simplicity, the native humor (so dramatically effective) of his servant Rory; and then say if you will not plump for Catholic Emancipation." "My dear lady," the reader murmurs, "I wondered why you were so set upon underlining all these things; now I know. Can you not tell us a story frankly and let us alone with your conclusions?"

Unfortunately very much the same has to be said of a far greater writer, William Carleton, even in those tales which are based upon his own most intimate experience. "The Poor Scholar," his most popular story, proceeds directly from an episode in his own life. He had himself been a poor scholar, had set out from his northern home to walk to Munster, where the best known schools were, trusting to charity by the way to lodge him, and charity to keep him throughout his schooling for the sake of his vocation, and for the blessing sure to descend upon those who aided a peasant's son to become a priest. Nothing could be more vivid than the early scenes, the collection made at the altar for Jimmy McEvoy, the priest's sermon, the boy's parting from home and the roadside hospitality; there is one infinitely touching episode in the house of the first farmer who shelters him. Then come the school itself and the tyranny



of its master; better still perhaps are the scenes when the boy falls sick of a fever and is turned out of doors. None will risk infection; but the laborers steal time from their employer to build him a rude hut by the roadside, steal milk from the farmers' cows, and feed him with messes that they pass in on the end of a shovel, not venturing nearer, but tending him continually with no hope of reward but the promise of his prayers. All this mixture of tenderness, cowardice, dishonesty, and devotion is stated, like the rest, with the frankness and convincing sincerity of true art. Then, alas, the conventional intervenes in the person of the virtuous absentee ignorant of his agent's misdoings: the long arm of coincidence is stretched to the uttermost; and we have to wade through pages of discussion upon the relations of landlord and tenant till we are put wholly out of tune for the beautiful scene of Jimmy's return home in his priestly dress.

Carleton did for the peasantry what Miss Edgeworth had done for the upper classes. In her books the peasants have only an incidental part, and she describes them shrewdly and sympathetically enough, but with a mind untouched either by their faith or by their superstitions; seeing their good and bad qualities clearly in a dry light, but never in imagination identifying herself with them. Carleton's was the first voice proceeding from the Irish peasantry which did not utter itself in Gaelic. Superior to Miss Edgeworth in power and insight, he is immeasurably her inferior in literary skill. One should remember, in commenting upon the poverty of Irish literature, that it is, so far as concerns imaginative work, a thing of this century. Carleton only died in 1869, Miss Edgeworth in 1849; and before them there is no one.

On the other hand the speech of Lowland Scots, with whose richness in masterpieces our poverty is naturally contrasted, has been employed for literature as long as the vernacular English. A king of Scotland wrote admirable verse in the generation after

Chaucer; the influence of the court fostered poetry, and the close intercourse with France kept Scotch writers in touch with first-rate models. Dunbar, strolling as a friar in France, may have known Villon whom he often resembles. In Ireland, till a century ago, English was as much a foreign language as Norman French in England under the Plantagenets. Among the English Protestants, settled in Ireland and separated by a hard line of cleavage from the Catholic population, there arose great men in letters, Goldsmith, Burke, Sheridan, who showed their Irish temperament in their handling of English themes. But in Ireland itself, before the events of 1782 added importance to Dublin, there was no centre for a literature to gather round. Such national pride as exists in English-speaking Ireland dates from the days of Grattan and Flood. And Irish national aspirations still bear the impress of their origin amid that period of political turmoil, than which nothing is more hostile to the brooding care of literary workmanship, the long labor and the slow result. Irishmen have always shown a strong disinclination to pure literature. The roll of Irish novelists is more than half made up of women's names; Miss Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, Miss Keary, Miss Lawless, and Miss Barlow. Journalists Ireland has produced as copiously as orators; the writers of "The Spirit of the Nation," that admirable collection of stirring poems, are journalists working in verse; and Carleton, falling under their influence, became a journalist working in fiction. In his pages, even when the debater ceases to argue and harangue, the style is still journalistic, except in those passages where his dramatic instinct puts living speech into the mouths of men and women. Politics so monopolize the minds of Irishmen, newspapers so make up their whole reading, that the class to which Carleton and the poet Mangan belonged have never fully entered upon the heritage of English literature. If an English peasant knows nothing else, he knows the Bible and very

likely Bunyan; but a Roman Catholic population has little commerce with that pure fountain of style. Genius cannot dispense with models, and Carleton and Mangan had the worst possible. Yet when it has been said that Carleton was a half-educated peasant, writing in a language whose best literature he had not sufficiently assimilated to feel the true value of words, it remains to say that he was a great novelist. He cannot be fairly illustrated by quotation; but read any of his stories and see if he does not bring up vividly before you Ireland as it was before the famine; Ireland still swarming with beggars who marched about in families subsisting chiefly on the charity of the poor; Ireland of which the hedge-school was plainly to him the most characteristic institution.

Carleton does not stand by himself; he is the head and representative of a whole class of Irish novelists, among whom John Banim is the best known name. All of them were peasants who aimed at depicting scenes of peasant life from their own experience. What one may call the melodramatic Irish story, in which Lever was so brilliantly successful, has its first famous example in "The Collegians" of Gerald Griffin. The novel has no concern with college life, and is far better described by its stage-title, "The Colleen Bawn." Here at least is a man with a story to tell and no object but to tell it. Griffin belonged to the lay order of Christian Brothers; his book deals principally with a society no more familiar to him than was the household of Mr. Rochester to Charlotte Brontë; and his method recalls the Brontës by its strenuous imagination and its vehement painting of passion. The tale was suggested by a murder which excited all Ireland. A young southern squire carried off a girl with some money, and procured her death by drowning. He was arrested at his mother's house and a terrible scene took place, terribly rendered in the book. Griffin, of course, changes the motive; the girl is carried off not for money but for love, and she is sacri-

ficed to make way for a stronger passion. Eily O'Connor, the victim, is a pretty and pathetic figure; the hero-villain Hardress Cregan, and the mother who indirectly causes the crime, are effective though melodramatic; but the actual murderer, Danny the Lord, Hardress Cregan's familiar, is worthy of Scott or Hugo. Take the passage where he first suggests to his master that Eily should be put out of the way.

"I'll tell you what it is, Master Hardress. Do by her as you do by dat glove you have on your hand. Make it come off as it came on, and if it fits too tight, take de knife to it."

"What do you mean?"

"Only gi' me the word, as I said before, an' I'll engage Eily O'Connor will never trouble you any more. Don't ax me any questions at all, only if you're agreeable take off dat glove and give it to me for a token. Dat'll be enough; lave de rest to Danny."

Take again the scene where he approaches his employer.

"Did I not warn you not to touch her?" "You did," said Danny Mann, with a scorn which made him eloquent beyond himself, "an' your eye looked murder while you said it. After dis, I never more will look in any man's face to know what he manes. After dis, I won't believe my senses. If you'll persuade me to it, I'll own dat dere is nothing as I see it. You may tell me dat I don't stand here, nor you dere, nor dat de moon is shining trough dat roof above us, nor de fire burning at my back, an' I'll not gainsay you after dis. But listen to me, Masther Hardress. As sure as dat moon is shining, an' dat fire burning, an' as sure as I'm here an' you dere, so sure de sign of death was on your face dat time, whatever way your words went.

In his sketches of society, Hyland Creagh, the duellist, old Cregan, and the rest, Griffin is describing a state of affairs previous to his own experience, the Ireland of Sir Jonah Barrington's memoirs; he is not, as were Carleton and Miss Edgeworth, copying minutely from personal observation. Herein he resembles Lever who, when all is said and done, remains the chief, as he is

the most Irish, of Irish novelists. It is true that Lever had two distinct manners; and in his later books he deals chiefly with contemporary society, drawing largely on his experiences of diplomatic life. Like most novelists he preferred his later work; but the books by which he is best known, "Harry Lorrequer" and the rest, are his earliest productions; and though his maturer skill was employed on different subjects, he formed his imagination in studies of the Napoleonic Wars and of a duelling, drinking, balliff-beating Ireland. His point of view never altered, and the peculiar attraction of his writings is always the same. Lever's books have the quality rather of speech than of writing; wherever you open the pages there is always a witty, well-informed Irishman discoursing to you, who tells his story admirably, when he has one to tell, and, failing that, never fails to be pleasant. Irish talk is apt to be discursive; to rely upon a general charm diffused through the whole, rather than upon any quotable brilliancy; its very essence is spontaneity, high spirits, fertility of resource. That is a fair description of Lever. He is never at a loss. If his story hangs, off he goes at score with a perfectly irrelevant anecdote, but told with such enjoyment of the joke that you cannot resent the digression. Indeed the plots are left pretty much to take care of themselves; he positively preferred to write his stories in monthly instalments for a magazine; he is not a conscientious artist, but he lays himself out to amuse you, and he does it. If he advertises a character as a wit, he does not labor phrases to describe his brilliancy; he produces the witticisms. He has been accused of exaggeration. As regards the incidents, one can only say that the memoirs of Irish society at the beginning of this century furnish at least fair warranty for any of his inventions. In character drawing he certainly overcharged the traits; but he did so with intention, and by consistently heightening the tones throughout obtained an artistic impres-

sion, which had life behind it, however ingeniously travestied. His stories have no unity of action, but through a great diversity of characters and incidents they maintain their unity of treatment. That is not the highest ideal of the novel, but it is an intelligible one, not lacking famous examples; and Lever perfectly understood it.

If one wishes to realize how good an artist Lever was, the best way is to read his contemporary Samuel Lover. "Handy Andy" appeared somewhat later than "Harry Lorrequer." It is just the difference between good whiskey and bad whiskey; both are indigenous and therefore characteristic, but let us be judged by our best. Obviously the men have certain things in common; great natural vivacity, and an easy, cheerful way of looking at life. Lover can raise a laugh, but his wit is horseplay except for a few happy phrases. He has no real comedy; there is nothing in "Handy Andy" half so ingenious as the story in "Jack Hinton" of the way Ulick Bourke acquitted himself of his debt to Father Tom. And behind all Lever's conventional types there is a real fund of observation and knowledge which is absolutely wanting in Lover, who simply lacked the brains to be anything more than a trifler.

A very different talent was that of their younger contemporary J. Sheridan Le Fanu. The author of "Uncle Silas" had plenty of solid power; but his art was too highly specialized. No one ever succeeded better in two main objects of the story-teller; first, in exciting interest, in stimulating curiosity by vague hints of some dreadful mystery; and then in concentrating attention upon a dramatic scene. It is true that, although an Irishman, he gained his chief successes with stories that had an English setting; but one of the best, "The House by the Churchyard," describes very vividly life at Chapell-zod in the days when this deserted little village, which lies just beyond the Phoenix Park, was thickly peopled with the families of officers stationed

in Dublin. Yet somehow one does not carry away from the reading of it any picture of that society; the story is so exciting that the mind has no time to rest on details, but hurries on from clue to clue till finally and literally the murder is out. Books which keep a reader on the tenter-hooks of conjecture must always suffer from this undue concentration of the interest; and in spite of cheery, inquisitive Dr. Toole, and the remarkable sketch of Black Dillon, the ruffianly genius with a reputation only recognized in the hospitals and the police courts (a character admirably invented and admirably used in the plot) one can hardly class Le Fanu among those novelists who have left memorable presentments of Irish life. It is a pity; for plainly, if the man had cared less for sensational incident and ingenious construction, he might have sketched life and character with a strong brush and a kind of grim realism.

Realism Lever does not aim at; he declines to be on his oath about anything. What he gives one, vividly enough, is national color not local color; he is essentially Irish, just as Fielding is essentially English; but he aims at verisimilitude rather than veracity. The ideal of the novel has changed since his day. Take the three names which stand out prominently among contemporary writers of Irish fiction, Miss Barlow, Miss Lawless, and Mr. Frank Mathew. To begin with, Lever's stories are always concerned with the quality; peasants only come in for an underplot, or in subordinate parts; and the gentry all through Ireland resemble one another within reasonable limits. It is different with the peasantry. In every part of Ireland you will find people who have never been ten miles away from the place of their birth, and upon whom a local character is unmistakably stamped. The contemporary novelists delight to mark these differences, these salient points of singularity; and their studies are chiefly of the peasantry. They settle down upon some little corner of the country and never

stir out of it. Miss Lawless is not content to get you Irish character; she must show you a Clare man or an Aran islander, and she is at infinite pains to point out how his nature, even his particular actions, are influenced by the place of his bringing up. Lever avoids this specialization; he prefers a stone wall country for his hunting scenes, but beyond that he goes no further into details. Again Miss Lawless both in "*Grania*" and in "*Hurrih*" makes you aware that young Irishmen of Hurrih's class are curiously indifferent to female beauty. Lever will have none of that; his Irishman must be "a devil with the girls," although he is no sentimentalist, and does not talk of love matches among the Irish peasantry.

The greatest divergence of all, however, is in the temper attributed to the Irish. Lever makes them gay, Miss Lawless and Miss Barlow make them sad. No one denies that sadness is nearer the reality, but it is unreasonable to call Lever insincere. Naturally careless and lighthearted he does not trouble himself with the riddle of the painful world; the distress which touches him most nearly is a distress for debt. But if Lever is not realistic he is natural; he follows the law of his nature as an artist should; he sees life through his own medium; and if books are to be valued as companions, not many of them are better company than "*Charles O'Malley*" or "*Lord Kilgobbin*;" for first and last Lever was always himself.

Yet, we must own it, it does not do to read Lever soon after Miss Barlow. Her stories of Lisconnel and its folk have a tragic dignity wholly out of his range. It is a sad-colored country she writes of, grey and brown; sodden brown with bog water, grey with rock cropping up through the fields; the only brightness is up overhead in the heavens, and even they are often clouded. These sombre hues, with the passing gleam of something above them, reflect themselves in every page of her books. She renders that complete harmony between the people and

their surroundings which is only seen in working folk whose clothes are stained with the color of the soil they live by, and whose lives assimilate themselves to its character. She has a fineness of touch, a poetry, to which no other Irish story-teller has attained.

Still Miss Barlow has never succeeded with a regular novel; and she is a woman; we confess to a preference for men's work. That is why our chief hopes are pinned to Mr. Frank Mathew, who also at first chose for his sphere a small district in the Gaelic-speaking parts of Connaught. "At the Rising of the Moon" is a collection of stories about the Ireland which furnishes those wild-looking harvesters who crowd the Holyhead packets in autumn; half tamed, outlandish creatures to the eye of a stranger; maimers of cattle, yet to those who know them as Mr. Mathews does, not only pardonable but most worthy of love. His last book, however, "The Wood of the Brambles," is a more ambitious flight. In it he tells a story of the past, and selects (of all butcheries the most hopeless, purposeless and brutal) the Wexford Rebellion of 1798. Into the middle of this he plumps down a young gentleman who might be living in London to-day and nourishing his mind upon the Yellow Book. Sir Dominick laughs when he is asked to fight duels; he runs away and then analyzes his emotions. Where he goes and why he goes there, as a rule cannot be discovered; the book is like a bad dream, as inconsequent and incoherent in its action. That is probably a sufficiently correct picture of the rebellion; but at all events the description is vivid in places and there is enough brilliant writing in it to compensate for frequent artifice of style. Better should come of it. All great writers proceed from a school, and there does exist now undeniably a school of Irish literature which differs from Miss Edgeworth in being strongly tinged with the element of Celtic romance, from Carleton in possessing an admirable standard of style, and from Lever in aiming at a sincere and vital portra-

ture of Irish people. So whether it be Mr. Frank Mathew or another that is to prove a literary avatar, there seem to be, if not grounds for confidence, certainly at least grounds for hope.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
HALCYON DAYS.

They were days of grinding poverty.

I don't mean to say that, as a rule, we were short of food, or that our shabby homespun garments were actually out of repair; I don't mean to say that we did not have outbursts of wild extravagance when we indulged in adventures the cost of which would have scared our betters; but many a time it was all we could do to buy stamps singly and boot-laces by the pair; and indeed a life of grinding, sordid poverty.

Sordid, did I say? No, thank God; not sordid; never that! As well apply the word to the inhabitants of Dove Cottage when great-souled Dorothy made the tea in the tiny, spotless kitchen. We were not great at all, my brother and I; but what the insight of genius did for the Wordsworths, exuberant youth did for him and me—raised us on the sweep of its pinions, till

—was uns Alle bündigt, das Gemeine,

dropt into its true perspective and then was lost in the mists below.

Were we not heirs of the universe? And had life ever before been such a treasure cavern as it was then? Wherever we struck the rock, living water poured forth; wherever we dug, lay a vein of gold. Our "poverty was such a kingship!" Having nothing, we perforce took hold of all things. Was not Shakespeare ours, and Carlyle, and Browning? Who could rob us of Wagner and Berlioz. Turner and Ruskin, Hegel and Kant? And was not our firmament aglow with lesser lights,—some of which have long since found their way into the text-books as stars, while others—and not always the least



brilliant—have gone out with a flicker into the darkness.

And all this about a Highland boy and girl who came from their moors to a college life in Glasgow!

It was odd, was it not, that the girl was allowed to come? But there never was such a brother as Ian. Most boys, brought up in a narrow groove, would have been only too glad to shake off all fetters when the momentous day arrived; but he, with all his faults, had a strong theoretical sense of justice, which he was fain to see extended to women,—even to his own sister. He had not many pretty ways such as some boys have; I often had to carry a parcel myself, and even sometimes to walk humbly into a railway carriage at his heels; but in all essentials what a giant of chivalry he was!

I remember one day—before we left our moorland home—we had been tramping over the heather, discussing all things in heaven and earth with the fervent zeal of budding adolescence, and when evening came we sat together in the rose-scented, candle-lit manse parlor, he deep in a stray volume of "Fors" while I bent toilsomely over the mighty darning basket. He had an irritating habit of chuckling over the good things he read, and at last I said quietly in real desperation:—

"Isn't it the irony of fate that you should be eating the bread of life while I am darning your socks?"

I had to repeat the remark before he looked up with laughing eyes.

"It is," he said frankly. "Shall I try my hand, and give you a shot at John the divine?"

I nodded placidly. "No; so long as you see the point, it is all right."

That little incident was the keynote of our relations to each other; and when the time came for him to go to college he grasped with quick insight my unspoken aspirations, and insisted that I should go too.

I shall never forget the day when the momentous question was decided. I hope my eyes expressed something of what I felt, for my shy Scotch lips refused. Seizing my battered hat from

its peg in the hall, I strode up the peaty flank of the hill behind the manse at a pace that made a friendly shepherd pause and stare. Arrived at the summit, I looked beyond the carpet of heather and cotton grass at my feet, away to the great billowy stretch of hills on every side. Mother Nature meant something much finer, more reposeful than I did that afternoon, but of course I refused to give ear, and made her hearken to my voice. Dear patient Mother Nature! What was it to her that another of her children meant to conquer the world? She had heard that story so often before!

The feeling of intense exhilaration comes back to me now as I write. The sunshine and wind seemed to course in my veins. A brace of grouse flew past with a flutter and *scirr*; a lark, quivering with song, bored its way steadily into the blue; and my whole being vibrated too with the intoxicating dreams and ambitions of youth.

I fought very shy of Ian for the next few days, dreading lest he should regret his magnanimity now that his point had been gained; but, if this was the case, he concealed his feelings like a man; and a week later we stood on the platform of the great grimy station in Glasgow, a shy shabby boy and girl, with a tiny portmanteau of clothes apiece and a great box of books between them.

The rain was falling heavily of course, and it took all our enthusiasm to withstand the dreariness of that long afternoon spent in a hunt for cheap lodgings.

We were not accustomed to luxury, and I don't know that we even objected much to honest dirt; but the darkness of some of those houses,—the dinginess, the squalor, the smells! To this day, when I feel discontented with my lot, I have only to think of some of those rooms, and, thinking, I thank God and take courage.

A hotel for the night was out of the question, of course. Some arrangement must be made before bedtime. But our unaccustomed feet were sore with tramping the flags, and the lights of the city were peeping out one by one when

we arrived at the last house on our list.

"Third floor," said Ian. "Cheer up! A stout heart to a stey brae!"

Home at last! We knew that before we had exchanged half-a-dozen words with the shrewd, kindly landlady. The well-scoured rooms were shabby and poorly furnished; but, standing at the window, we seemed to be perched on the brow of a mighty cliff, looking out on the surging sea of human life that stretched for miles and miles, away down below. The noise that had stupefied us all day long rose softened and mellowed now to our spellbound ears; smoke rose from countless hearths, and from many a mighty furnace; and light after light pierced its clean-cut way through the gathering dark. What untold secrets, what wealth of experience, what clue to all the philosophies lay shrouded down below!

"Ours, Ian," I cried exultingly, "our own inheritance! That whole cauldron of human life is seething and simmering there for you and me! We have only to stoop and drink."

"Don't scorch your lips in the process!" he said. "The long spoon of the proverb might chance to come in handy."

He was standing behind me, and now he put his arms with rough affection round my waist, as his manner was, and laid his chin on my shoulder with a chuckle of boyish triumph. Then he lifted me off my feet with a sweep of his muscular arms. "'But I, mein Werther, sit above it all. I am alone with the stars.' Heigho, Minerva, I wish Teufelsdröckh had told us how he got his book-box up the stairs!"

Next day was Sunday. In the morning we went to the kirk, and dutifully thought of home; in the evening, with an awful sense of adventure, and almost of wrong-doing, we strayed into the outstretched arms of an episcopal church a few yards from our eyrie. We both considered ourselves fairly emancipated; but the lights, the flowers, the rich notes of the organ pealing up among the arches, the rising of the

whole congregation to meet the white-robed procession—all these caught us suddenly in the region of the emotions, as I have seen Ian's little sailing-boat caught in an unexpected squall. Was it possible that this was a *church*?

Then, with a comfortable sense of getting ballast on board, we bent to read the noble words of the prayer-book, and so were enabled to square our shoulders with something of Presbyterian defiance in preparation for the sermon.

I have long since forgotten the preacher's argument, his doctrine, his creed. There lingers only in my memory the ascetic frame, the earnest eyes, the gradually deepening flush on the cheek-bones. Before two minutes had passed, we realized with a thrill that the preacher spoke as one who sees the invisible, and then we contentedly dropped anchor, and the wind whistling through the rigging disturbed our souls no more.

We walked home silently in a glow of catholicity,—were we not from henceforth the champions of poor persecuted episcopalianism?—and one of us at least lay awake for hours in eager imaginary argument with one of the dour old elders at home.

Of course we lived to learn that all the spiritual insight of the city was not confined to a single edifice, and many a time our hearts glowed with pride in the church of our fathers as we watched Robertson Smith doggedly produce his nugget of solid research, or heard Marcus Dods relentlessly hammer out his categorical imperative, or listened spellbound to the Principal when this ponderous eloquence went thundering over our heads like a mighty Walkürenritt.

A grand man *Ursa major*! What a feeling of reserve force he gave one at a huge meeting of riotous students! As a rule he had simply to rise to his feet in order to quell the most boisterous; if he went the length of a dignified "Gentlemen!" one's heart stood still; and when his rare, restrained "Order, gentlemen!" vibrated through the Rute Hall, one felt that if *this* failed to meet

the emergency, there was nothing left to fall back upon, save fire from heaven.

But, if Ursa major was grand, what shall we say of Ursa minor? Ay de mi! I wonder whether the clever cultured Oxford folk appreciate his teaching as did we Scotch boys and girls? After the first months. I used to assert with girlish arrogance, that I never needed to ask Ian's friends whether they had "taken out" Caird's class. Indeed in the eyrie the cult went dangerously near a breach of the second commandment, for two dear little Berne bears on our barren mantleself occupied that proud position in honor of our heroes.

But I am running far ahead of that eventful Sunday. On Monday morning Ian went in for his bursary examination. He has won all sorts of collegiate honors since then; there lies before me as I write the thin shabby postcard on which he inscribed the magic words "Cara, Caro non careo!"<sup>1</sup> but not even when he came out first in his Tripos has my heart taken quite so exultant a leap as it did at that first success. It was no dream after all! We were going to conquer the world, Ian and I!

And then the great gates rolled back, and we stood on the threshold of the university.

The conscientious critic will remind me at this point that—being a woman—I must have *remained* on the threshold. Away with the carping critic! Even as regards the letter of the fact he is wrong. It is true that for most of my classes I had to go to a room in St. Andrew's Halls and "eat of the crumbs;" but it was not only in the spirit that I entered the sacred precincts of Gilmorehill, for in those days Professor Nichol held his class for women within the gates. So two or three times a week I trudged up the broad gravel walk, watching the autumn leaves as they flashed into fire and fell, and I met perchance a chattering crowd of first year's men in the scarlet gowns that brightened the grey mists of Kelvinside, like poppies on a waste bit of land.

<sup>1</sup> Referring to the Carus prize.

"You must find your women students very quiet and unresponsive after the men," some one said to Professor Nichol that winter.

He smiled. "Unresponsive? There are other forms of response than the thumping of feet and the clapping of hands. My class speaks back to me as the organ does to the musician. I have my hands on the keys."

I think we did respond; and he, in his turn, how he used to single out a scrap of bona-fide appreciation—a flash of poetic insight! The absence of the dominie element in him was almost staggering at first; but one soon learned to appreciate, first the subtle flattery, and then the education, the mental uplifting, involved in his tacit assumption that we shared his lofty and cultured standpoint.

Of course it was incumbent on Ian, as a man, to temper admiration with criticism.

"Nichol misses greatness," he remarked oracularly one day. "He is afraid of not being thought an atheist."

I did not ask his grounds for the remark, knowing that he had spent the evening before with one of the professor's subs.

"The Lord deliver us from subs!" I remarked sententiously one evening at a university conversazione. "I hope I shall live long enough to deliver my soul in an article on 'Fact versus Formula.'" These young men have learnt the formula as pat as possible. Nay, they condense and improve it. But what a gulf between them and the men who discovered the fact! Where do great men grow?"

Professor Caird strolled past to the refreshment-room with Mrs. Craik on his arm, and at the same moment my eye was caught by a protégé of the professor's, brilliant, bilious, neurotic,—I suppress the less flattering adjectives that would flow unbidden from my pen,—who was leaning idly against the wall. "Must the Mrs. Craik of the future be content to be taken in to supper by a man like *that*?" I murmured.

Ian drew himself up and tapped his broad chest with his finger. "You

forget," he said with quiet humor; "there will also be men like *this*!"

But no indiscreet sub could really destroy his admiration for a great chief; and it was Ian who—regardless of the wolf on our threshold—strode home in triumph with a nice damp copy of "Theocritus and other Poems" on the day of publication. I can see him still, pacing up and down in the dusk, declaiming,—

Then the solemn glooms and glories of the  
dim transition days,

Vestals chanting Roman anthems, Coven-  
enanters, Hebrew lays—

Broken fragments of thy meaning, simple  
Faith's impatient gleaning—

Held me in religious rapture, till thy  
Presence broke the maze:

Donna Vera, Donna Vera!

Stern the call to quit our homesteads, put  
away all childish things;

Hence the weak world fears thee, clinging  
to long-cherished leading-strings.

Let me sing thy praises only,—whatso-  
ever summit lonely

Bear thee skyward—saved and sheltered  
in the shadow of thy wings;

Donna Vera, Donna Vera!

Ah me! was not that battle music for  
awakening souls?

Ian was really working for his B.Sc.; but, regardless of what Professor Young used to call "limited liability," he plunged into every subject that interested him, and not unnaturally gave his friends the impression that he was taking out every class in the university. In addition to all this, he spent a great part of the day in "Sir Billy's" laboratory in "conscientious self-sacrificing labor," as the great man said when he presented the prizes at the Graduation Ceremony.

It is difficult to believe that I did not work in that laboratory too, did not lay myself open to Professor Young's stiletto thrusts, and sit at the feet of Professor Caird. Indeed I may almost say of Caird's class-room that, like the kingdom of heaven, it suffered violence, and that the violent took it by force; for I made Ian's life a burden to

him until he had got his lecture notes into readable form, and together we pored over the exercises that had passed through the master's annotating hands, like baser metals through the crucible of the alchemist.

In the evenings, of course, we worked insanely, as conscientious students will, until they learn something of nature's laws. The one book we both had to "get up" was the "Areopagitica," and as that—according to Ian—was "easy," we resolved to read it aloud the last thing at night, or rather the last thing before we fell asleep in the morning.

The plan was as follows: No. 1 began to read aloud and read on until he, or she, discovered that No. 2 had fallen asleep. Then No. 2 was roughly awakened, and ruthlessly set to work till No. 1 fell asleep. So it went on till the day's quota was finished, or till both fell asleep at the same time. It was almost a regular part of poor "slavey's" work in the morning to pick up the "Areopagitica" from the fender or from behind the battered coal-scuttle. I am glad to think the book cannot write its history, as I am writing mine; for its life at this time was a series of hair-breadth escapes, and, even at the best, it was sadly misunderstood. I have seldom had intercourse with a more suggestive mind than Ian's; but I have seldom made less headway with a book than I did at that time with Milton's "Areopagitica."

And yet, in spite of all our hard work, Jack got little chance of becoming a dull boy. Surely university life has never since "teemed with quiet fun" as it did in those halcyon days. It seems to me that most of the good stories one hears to this day about the Glasgow dignitaries spring from episodes that happened then.

It was surely that winter that a student of Professor's Caird's dropped in on him late at night, and insisted on talking metaphysics till Urst Minor became uneasy, and sent for Professor Young. They decided to go for a stroll, and turned their steps in the direction

of Gartnavel Asylum. Arrived there, they threw stones at Dr. Yellowlees' window.

"Who's there?" called the sage.

"Caird; and Young is with him."

"Oh!" was the calm response.

"Which of you has brought the other?"

Was it not at the end of that first term, too, that Professor Veitch's closing remarks were received with such boisterous applause that the plaster fell in Professor Ramsay's room below?

"Ah," said Professor Ramsay; "the premises don't seem to be strong enough for Veitch's conclusions."

My tendency might have been to run too much in a rut; but no chum of Ian's got a chance of doing that. I don't think we missed one of Mr. Mann's excellent concerts, and many a discussion on Berlioz or Wagner took place at midnight in the eyrie, while the city slept quietly, away down below.

I remember one afternoon we were sitting sleepily over our books, when suddenly Ian shut his mighty tome with a bang.

"I must have a glimpse of that St. Luke window," he said abruptly. "Coming?"

He seized his hat as he spoke, and we strode through the busy streets without a word till we found ourselves in the quiet crypt of the cathedral. What a delight that St. Luke window was to both of us! Ian had discovered it, of course. He had a sleuth hound's scent for the great and beautiful. It used to be an unfailing subject of wonder to me how he came to know so much about things. We stopped for a time to listen to Dr. Peace's fine sonorous music as it flooded the building, and then, with a great détour through the slums, we made our way homewards.

There was silence between us no longer. That which happened rarely, happened then. The sight of all that poverty and sickness and crime made our hearts burn within us, and we talked with almost molten eagerness

of all we longed to do to save mankind. Poor little boy and girl!

We crossed the park, and looked back from the top of the slope. The great tolling, suffering city had fallen into its ordinary perspective,—but the dusky glow of the setting sun seemed to raise it into the region of our dreams! and our ignorant, untried hopes and longings rose with that cloud of smoke from the heart of the weariness and woe. Poor little boy and girl!

Such moods were rare. As a rule we were content to sip the sweets of life on a lower level. A joke could be wrung from everything in those good old days, and the greatest joke of all was our poverty. Our allowance was paid monthly. The first week we lived as lightheartedly as the lilies of the field; when the second or third week came on, we began to take thought; and the fourth week usually found us referring to physiological tables of diet "just as a matter of scientific interest," and expressing our warm belief in the nutritive value of lentils and oatmeal.

I remember on one occasion a classmate invited me to spend a "week-end" at her home some little distance out of town. My ticket cost rather more than I expected, and I was obliged to borrow a few coppers from Ian. "And do get me a sandwich," I added, "I am so hungry."

He surveyed the remaining pence that lay in his hand.

"Will a bun do?" he said simply. "If I buy you a sandwich, I can't afford my car out to the university, and I haven't time now to walk."

I don't know what my fellow-passengers thought of us—I am sure they can't have guessed the joke—but we stood and laughed till the tears ran down our cheeks.

When the first year came to an end, I took a situation "doon the watter," and continued my education by the feeble means of correspondence classes; but every Saturday I came up to spend a day or two with Ian. Our good landlady made this an inexpen-



sive luxury; I took for granted that she had become attached to me; but it may only have been that she disliked darning Ian's socks even more than I did.

I really think we saw each other to more purpose during those brief visits than we had ever done before. I was always supposed to be tired with my week's exertions, so Ian installed me in a corner of the stiff horsehair sofa while we exchanged our newly acquired instalments towards a complete philosophy of life,—while he told me all the new jokes, and showed me the books he had bought or borrowed since my last visit. Then we went for a walk—unless he chanced to be playing football—and we wound up the evening by another royal “crack,” or some form of entertainment.

On the strength of my salary, we now considered ourselves fairly well-to-do; so much so that I rashly lent fifteen pounds to a friend—on excellent security—and, before we knew where we were, Ian and I were poorer than ever.

For three weeks I was obliged to forego my precious weekly visits; and our correspondence was confined to an impassioned appeal on my part for a scrap of geological information, wherewith to appease the wolfish hunger of a pupil with enquiring mind. Oh, those pupils with enquiring minds!—“but that is another story.”

Ian apologized afterwards for replying to my query on a post-card. It seemed tactless certainly; but he said it was all he could afford. He had even given up his pipe for the time.

Two weeks had still to drag out their weary length before my salary was due. I had forgotten that Ian's bursary was payable in the mean time, until one morning I received the following intimation of the fact,—

Relief of Lucknow! Advance of General M. [the university clerk I suppose] to the aid of the starving garrison.

Seats taken for Salvini to-morrow evening—front row of dress circle. Will meet

you by 10.15. Postal order enclosed for fare.

Oh, the halcyon days!

At the end of three years Ian took his B.Sc. with honors, and went on to Cambridge. Neither of us was a very great correspondent, and you may fancy my delight when some friends of his invited me up to spend May Week.

What a fortnight that was! Even now as I sit in the evening in my dusky High School class-room, poring over a mighty pile of exercises, I have only to close my eyes—

But I must not begin to talk of all that now; and, indeed, the halcyon days were over when we bade farewell to our eyrie at the top of a long common stair; the halcyon days were those in which we bought stamps singly and bootlaces by the pair; when we looked out on the lights of the mighty city away down below, and fell asleep alternately over the pages of the “*Areopagitica*,” when—*ach, mein Lieber!*—we were above it all—alone with the stars!

THE AUTHOR OF “MONA MACLEAN.”

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From The Nineteenth Century.  
NAPOLEON ON HIMSELF.

Some unpublished memoranda relating to the great Napoleon after his final downfall in 1815 have come into my possession. They consist of notes made by Admiral Sir George Cockburn, who had charge of the emperor at St. Helena before the arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe. While no Englishman could be a *persona grata* to Napoleon, we find from a variety of authentic sources that at least he regarded Cockburn as a gentleman and entitled to respect, while he always spoke with unmeasured bitterness of his successor.

Cockburn's reminiscences or records are apparently in the form of a confidential letter or despatch, and are dated the 22nd of October, 1815. They have not been published by Las-Cases,

Monthonlon, O'Meara, or any of the biographers of Bonaparte, and on some important points in Napoleon's career they put an entirely different interpretation from all the hitherto accepted versions. Take first the expedition to Egypt. It is stated by all writers that the French Directory, fearing Napoleon's ambition, thought they could only keep him quiet by employing him, and gave him command of the so-called Army of England. "But," to quote one of his latest biographers, who only sums up the opinions of most historians, "he was bent on the conquest of Egypt. He appears to have had something visionary in his temperament, and to have dreamed of founding a mighty empire from the standpoint of the East, the glow and glamour of which seem always to have had a certain fascination for him. He therefore employed the resources of the Army of England to prepare for an expedition to Egypt, and the Directory yielded to his wishes, partly no doubt through the desire of getting him away from France."

This view is entirely wrong. In his conversations with Cockburn Napoleon admitted that the Directory wanted to get him out of France, but he distinctly assured Sir George that the expedition to Egypt did not originate with himself, as generally supposed. But when the proposition to go to Egypt was placed before him, he warmly entered into it, for he was as anxious to get away from the Directory as they were to be rid of him, and he calculated upon returning with increased popularity whenever he might deem the crisis favorable.

Sir George Cockburn thus continues his narrative:—

Napoleon said that, having left France with these ideas, he was anxiously looking for the events which brought him back even before they happened, and on his return to France he was soon well assured that there no longer existed in it a party strong enough to oppose him. He therefore immediately planned the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, and though he might, he said, on that day have run some

little personal risk owing to the general confusion, yet everything was so arranged that it could not possibly have failed. The government of France from that day (the 7th of November, 1799) became inevitably and irretrievably in his hands and those of his adherents. Therefore, Napoleon added, all the stories which I might have heard of an intention to arrest him at that time, and of opposing his plans, were all nonsense and without any foundation in truth, for his plans had been too long and too carefully laid to admit of being so counteracted. After he became first consul, he said, plots and conspiracies against his life had, however, been very frequent, but by vigilance and some good fortune they had all been discovered and frustrated.

New and most interesting details are furnished by Cockburn, on Bonaparte's authority. With reference to the famous plot by Pichegru and Georges Cadoudal, Napoleon said that this plot was the nearest proving fatal to him of any, and he implicated Moreau in it, though this great general was convicted and banished on insufficient evidence.

Napoleon [continues Sir George Cockburn] said that thirty-six of the conspirators had been actually in Paris six weeks without the police knowing anything of the plot, and it was at last discovered by means of an emigrant apothecary, who had been informed against and secured after landing from an English man-of-war. The police at length having entertained some suspicions in consequence of the numbers of persons reported to have been clandestinely landed about the same time, it was judged the apothecary would be a likely person to bring to confession if properly managed. Therefore, being condemned to death, and every preparation made for his execution, his life was offered him if he would give any intelligence sufficiently important to merit such indulgence. He immediately caught at the offer, and gave the names of the thirty-six persons before mentioned, every one of whom, with Pichegru and Georges, were, owing to the vigorous measures at once adopted, found and secured in Paris within a fortnight. Napoleon added that previous to this plot being discovered it would probably have proved fatal to him had not Georges in-

sisted upon being appointed a consul, which Moreau and Pichegru would not hear of, and therefore Georges and his party could not be brought to act.

Napoleon likewise defended himself to Cockburn on the subject of the execution of the Duc d'Enghien. It will be remembered that this unfortunate prince of the house of Bourbon was charged with being concerned in the plot of Pichegru and Cadoudal immediately it was discovered, and that Napoleon unscrupulously resolved to seize the person of the duke. Accordingly, on the night of the 14th of March, 1804, the neutral territory of Baden was violated, and the duke, with two attendants, was captured and carried prisoner to Strasburg, and thence to Paris and Vincennes. On the early morning of the 20th of March he was tried before a military commission consisting of eight officers, and after a five hours' examination was condemned to death. Soon afterwards he was shot in the castle moat, and buried in the grave already dug for him. After the Restoration his bones were taken up and re-interred in the chapel of the Castle of Vincennes. This wantonly cruel and criminal act fixed a deep stigma on the character of Bonaparte. The records of the trial were published by M. Dupin, who showed the illegality of the proceedings of the military commission—an illegality which was publicly acknowledged by General Hulin, the president of the court. Thiers has endeavored to exculpate Bonaparte, but Lanfrey took a strongly adverse view, while some historians have fixed most of the guilt on Talleyrand. Fouché, who was a very pretty villain in his own way, described the execution of the duke as worse than a crime—it was a blunder.

In his conversations with Sir George Cockburn, Napoleon asserted that it was to be at hand for the purpose of aiding in the Pichegru conspiracy, and to take advantage of any confusion it might produce, that the Duc d'Enghien took up his residence in the neighborhood of Strasburg, in which town he

(Bonaparte) maintained that he had certain information of the duke having been in disguise several times. Cockburn asked the emperor whether there was any truth in the report that he had sent an order for the duke's reprieve, but that it had unfortunately arrived too late. Bonaparte replied that it was certainly *not* true, for the duke was condemned for having conspired against France, and he (the emperor) was determined from the first to let the law take its course respecting him, in order if possible to check these frequent conspiracies. In answer to a remonstrance from Sir George against his having taken the duke from the neutral territories of the Duke of Baden, Napoleon said that this did not, in his opinion, at all alter the case between France and the Duc d'Enghien; that the Duke of Baden might certainly have some reason to complain of the violation of his territory, but that was an affair for him to settle with the Duke of Baden, and not with the Duc d'Enghien. He maintained that when they had got the latter within the territory of France—*no matter how*—they had full right to try to punish him for any act committed by him in France against the existing government.

Those three little words, "no matter how," vitiate the whole of Napoleon's argument. They cut at the root of all right of asylum in neutral states, and such miserable special pleading will be of no avail at the bar of history. Well might Sir George Cockburn exclaim: "Thus does this man reason who now exclaims so violently against the legality of our conduct in refusing to receive him in England, and sending him to reside in St. Helena." No, the execution of the Duc d'Enghien must remain a dark blot upon Napoleon's career; and it is difficult to believe that a man of his clear views on most questions could possibly have deceived himself by his own arguments. He must, on the contrary, have had many bitter moments of remorse when the deeds of the past rose up before him in the solitude of St. Helena.

Writing under the date already mentioned (the 22nd of October, 1815), Sir George Cockburn gives these personal glimpses of Napoleon:—

Since General Bonaparte's arrival at St. Helena, I have been so occupied that I have seen but little of him. I went with him, however, one day to Longwood, and he seemed tolerably satisfied with it, though both he and his attendants have since been complaining a good deal. The general having stated to me that he could not bear the crowds which gathered to see him in the town, he has at his own request been permitted to take up his residence (until Longwood should be ready) at a small house called The Briars, where there is a pretty good garden and a tolerably large room detached from the house, of which he has taken possession, and in which and in the garden he remains almost all the day. In the evenings, I understand, he was regularly invited himself to join the family party in the house, where he plays at whist with the ladies of the family for sugar plums until his usual hour of retiring for the night.

The greatest conqueror of modern times playing at whist for sugarplums is a severely simple spectacle, but it is a better and more humane one than that presenting him as the instigator of the crime by which the Duc d'Enghien was sent to his death. Never was there a monarch who played so recklessly with human life—whether in its individual or aggregate aspect—as Napoleon; and it would furnish strange reading if the world could have a real transcript of his inmost thoughts as he paced the gloomy and rockbound island of St. Helena.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

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Translated for THE LIVING AGE.  
THE TWO GLORIES.

One day, as the celebrated Flemish painter, Peter Paul Rubens, was strolling through the cathedrals of Madrid, accompanied by his pupils, he entered the church of a humble convent whose name tradition does not mention.

The illustrious artist found little to

admire in the poor and dismantled edifice. He was about to go away, swearing at the bad taste of the priests of Madrid, when he noticed a picture half hidden in the shadow of the ugliest chapel of all. He approached it, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. His pupils surrounded him in a moment, crying "What have you found, Maestro?"

"Look," said Rubens, pointing to the canvas before him.

The young men were as much astonished as their master.

The painting represented the death of a monk. He was very young, and still beautiful, despite traces of the fasting and suffering he had undergone. He lay extended on the bricks of his cell, his eyes were already dimmed by death. One hand held a skull, while the other pressed to his heart a crucifix of wood and copper. On the background of the canvas another picture was painted. It was supposed to be hanging on the wall of the cell, over the narrow cot from which the young monk had crept to die more humbly on the floor.

The second picture depicted a young woman, beautiful in death, lying in her coffin in the midst of sumptuous black draperies and surrounded by funeral candles.

No one could look upon those two scenes, one contained within the other, without feeling that they explained and completed each other. Unfortunate love, dead hope, a disappointed life and eternal forgetfulness of the world; behold here the mysterious drama of the canvas. Moreover, the color, the drawing, the composition, all revealed a genius of the first order.

"Maestro, who can be the author of this magnificent painting?" asked Rubens' pupils, crowding about the picture.

"A name was painted in this corner, but, you see, it has been effaced. As to the painting, it is not more than thirty or less than twenty years old."

"But the artist," they clamored.

"The artist, according to the merit of the work, might be Velasquez.

Zubarán, Ribéra, or even the young Murillo himself. Velasquez has not so much feeling as this shows; neither is it a work of Zubarán's, if I judge rightly the coloring and the manner of treating the subject. Still less, can it be attributed to Murillo or Ribéra. Their style is lighter, while this is more sombre. This picture belongs neither to one school nor to the other. Frankly, I do not recognize the author of this painting, and I could swear that I had never seen any other works of his. Further, I believe that the artist, perhaps already dead, who has given such a wonder to the world, did not belong to any school, nor has he ever painted any other picture beside this. He could not paint another that would approach it in merit. This is a work of pure inspiration, a reflection of his own soul, a piece of his life. But—do you want to know who painted that picture. The dead man before you painted it!"

"Eh! Maestro, you are jesting."

"No, I know what I am saying," answered Rubens.

"But how can you conceive of a dead man painting his own death agony?"

"By conceiving that a living being could divine or represent his death! Moreover, you know that to be admitted into certain religious orders, one must be dead to the world."

"Ah! do you believe that?"

"I believe that the woman whose form is painted on the background of this picture, was the soul and life of that man dying on the floor. I believe that, when she died, he also considered himself dead to the world. I believe, finally, that this painting, instead of representing the last moments of its hero or author, who are undoubtedly one person, represents the renunciation of a youth, disillusioned as to earthly joys."

"So you think that he still lives?"

"Yes, señor, he may be alive, and, with the lapse of years, perhaps his spirit has become serene and joyful, and the unknown artist may be a very fat and jolly old man. Nevertheless,

we must look for him. We must find out whether he has painted other pictures. Follow me."

As he spoke, Rubens walked towards a priest who was praying in another chapel, and asked, with his usual freedom of manner,—

"Will you be kind enough to tell the padre prior that I wish to speak with him, by the king's orders?"

The priest, who was an elderly man, arose from his knees with difficulty, and answered, in a humble and feeble voice,

"What do you wish with me? I am the prior."

"Pardon, father, for interrupting your prayers," replied Rubens. "Can you tell me who is the author of this painting?"

"Of that painting!" exclaimed the monk, "What would you think of me if I should tell you that I do not remember?"

"What, you knew, and you have forgotten?"

"Yes, my son, I have forgotten."

"Then, padre, said Rubens insolently, "I would not give much for your memory."

The prior, paying no attention to the painter, again knelt on the ground.

"I come in the king's name!" thundered the haughty Fleming.

"What further do you wish, brother?" murmured the priest, slowly raising his head.

"I wish to buy that painting."

"The painting is not for sale."

"Well, then, where can I find the artist. His Majesty would like to know him, and I must embrace him, congratulate him, show my admiration and my affection for him."

"Your wishes cannot be realized. The artist is no longer in the world."

"He is dead!" exclaimed Rubens, in desperation.

"The Maestro spoke wisely," said one of the young men. "This picture was painted by a dead man."

"He is dead," repeated Rubens, "and no one has known him; his very name is forgotten. His name which ought



to be immortal. His name, which would have outshone mine. Yes, mine, padre," added the artist, with noble pride, "for you must know that I am Peter Paul Rubens."

At the sound of that name, whose renown, associated as it was with a hundred sacred paintings, had penetrated even to the monastery, the pallid cheek of the prior flushed lightly and his dim eyes were fixed on the stranger's face with as much veneration as surprise.

"Ah! you know me," exclaimed Rubens, with boyish satisfaction. "That delights my soul. So you will be less of a priest with me! Now then, will you sell me the painting?"

"You ask for the impossible," responded the prior.

"Well then, do you know of any other works of this unfortunate genius? Can you not recall his name? Will you tell me when he died?"

"You have not understood aright," replied the priest, "I told you that the author of this painting did not belong to the world, but that does not signify, precisely, that he is dead."

"Oh! he lives, he lives!" exclaimed all the artists, "Give us his name."

"For what? The unhappy man has renounced the world. He has nothing in common with men—nothing. Therefore, I implore you, let him die in peace."

"Oh!" said Rubens, with enthusiasm, "that cannot be, padre. When God lights in a soul the sacred fire of genius, he does not intend that the soul shall be consumed in solitude, but that it shall fulfil its sublime mission by illuminating the minds of other men! Give me the name of the monastery where this master is hidden, and I will go to look for him, and restore him to his sphere. What glory awaits him!"

"But if he should refuse?" asked the prior timidly.

"If he refuses, I will have recourse to the pope, whose friendship honors me, and the pope will convince him better than I."

"The pope?" exclaimed the prior.

"Yes, padre, the pope," repeated Rubens.

"Be assured, I would not tell you the name of this painter, even if I remembered it. I shall not tell you in what convent he has sought refuge!"

"Well, then, padre, the king and the pope will compel you to tell it," responded Rubens, in a tone of exasperation. "I will see that they do."

"Oh! pray do not," exclaimed the priest, "You will do wrong, Senor Rubens. Take the picture, if you wish, but leave its author in peace. I speak to you in the name of God! Yes, I have known, I have loved, I have consoled, I have redeemed, I have saved from the sea of passion and misfortune, shipwrecked and suffering, this master as you call him, this blind and miserable mortal, as I call him—yesterday forgotten by God and by himself, to-day near supreme felicity."

"Glory! Do you know of anything greater than that to which he aspires?"

"By what right do you wish to revive in that soul the flame of earthly vanity, when there burns in his heart the inextinguishable fire of devotion?"

"Do you think that this man, before leaving the world, before renouncing riches, fame, power, youth, love and everything that fills mankind with pride, had not undergone a sharp conflict with his own heart? Can you not divine the disenchantment, the bitterness which he must have borne, before he understood the falseness of human affairs? And you would bring him back to the fight when he has triumphed?"

"But he is renouncing immortality!" cried Rubens.

"No," he aspires to immortality," returned the priest.

"What right have you to interpose between this man and the world? Let me talk with him and he shall decide," said Rubens hotly.

"I have the right of an elder brother, of a teacher, of a father, all of which I am to him. I again say, I do it in the name of God. Respect that holy name, for the love of your own soul."

Thus speaking, the monk covered his head and walked away.

"Let us go," said Rubens. "I know what I must do."

"Maestro!" exclaimed one of his pupils, who during the preceding conversation had been intently looking, now at the canvas, then at the priest. "Do you not think that this old monk is very like the dying man in the picture?"

"Jove! You're right," exclaimed the pupils.

"Take away the wrinkles and beard, and make allowances for the thirty years which the painting shows, and you will see that the maestro was right when he said that this dead monk was, at the same time, the portrait and work of a living priest. Confound me, if the living monk is not the padre prior," said the youth who had spoken first.

In the mean while, Rubens, gloomy, ashamed, and profoundly moved, saw the old man move away. The prior, crossing his arms on his breast, saluted him, just before he disappeared.

"It was he! yes!" cried the artist. "Oh! let us go," he added, turning to his pupils. "This man is right! his glory is worth more than mine! Let him die in peace!"

Throwing a last glance at the canvas which had so moved him, he left the church and went to the palace, where their Majesties honored him by an invitation to dinner.

Three days later, Rubens returned, entirely alone, to that humble chapel, desirous of contemplating once more the marvellous painting, and even of speaking to its presumed author; but the picture was not in its place. Instead, he found that there was a coffin on the floor of the principal nave of the church. It was surrounded by all the brotherhood of monks, chanting the requiem for the dead. The artist drew near to look at the face of the dead man, and saw that it was the padre prior.

"He was a great painter," said Rubens, as soon as his surprise and pain had given place to other sentiments.

"Now it is that he most resembles his work."

From the Spanish of Pedro Antonio de Alarcón, by Jean Raymond Bidwell.

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From The Economist.

THE FUTILITY OF FORECASTS.

It does not at first sight appear unreasonable for any one at the beginning of a new year to forecast the course of European politics for the coming twelve months. The data are very well known, the personages who influence events are fairly understood, and affairs usually flow on in certain well-worn grooves, which are channelled all the deeper because certain incidents of importance—like the meeting of Parliament in Great Britain, France, and Germany, and the new President's first Message in America—occur at anticipated and fixed dates. It seems not impossible for any experienced politician, or diplomatist, or even journalist, to sketch out with some decision a course of events which will bear a close resemblance to reality, or, at worst, serve as a sort of search-light for observers anxiously peering out in the endeavor to discern any obstacles along the road. Surely we shall come to that hedge, and have to pass that bad bit where the road is broken, and may meet that artillery tumbrel, and shall be a little hustled in that advancing crowd. The whole should, if experience is a solid guide, be a matter of calculation, like railway traffics, or the average sales of a business, or the fluctuations in the movement of a population, all of which require allowances for accident, but all admit of forecasts accurate enough for action to be reasonably founded on them. As a matter of fact, however, nothing can be more futile than such forecasts in regard to the politics of Europe, more especially at the present time. The action of the nations depends upon at least three sets of wholly incalculable quantities, viz., incidents, the determinations of individ-

uals, and the outbreaks of emotion among the populations. It is simply impossible to predict what may happen in any week in Paris to alter the attitude of the republic, or what may occur in Constantinople rendering intervention in Turkey unavoidable, or what may break out in the Far East with an immediate reflex action upon the politics of Europe. It is equally conceivable that all may remain as it is, and that a sort of volcano may burst out in Macedonia, that the European alliances may remain politically distributed as at present, or may suddenly be redistributed by an outbreak of anarchy in Morocco, or a furlous threat directed from Washington against Madrid. The force of Great Britain might be paralyzed by a military insurrection in India, or all the armies of the Continent be reduced to inaction by an invention so strikingly available for the destruction of life that all alike must pause until, at vast expense, the governments have included it in their organization for war. A discovery which would almost terminate the fighting power of navies has long been believed to be possible, and so is a discharge of explosives having all the effect of artillery from the air. Then, as to the influence of individuals, the world is still governed by persons; and the decisions of persons, swayed as they are by hopes, fears, intellectual wishes, and excesses of folly, are absolutely incalculable. The most experienced diplomatist will not venture to predict what the present sultan of Turkey will do on any given day, or the German emperor, or the American president, or the nearly unknown emperor of Japan; and any one of these could, by an act, a speech, or a threat, turn the whole current of the world's affairs, introducing not only new tasks, but wholly unexpected combinations among the nations with fleets and armies at their disposal. Nor has the reasonable Zadkiel to reckon only with individual decisions, unexpected as they always may be. He may be baffled by the forces of nature, which act on im-

pulses entirely beyond our ken. There are at least five individuals in Europe—the three emperors, the sultan, and M. Faure—the death of any one of whom would upset all calculations, and give all action pause; and perhaps six other persons, the principal being Lord Salisbury, M. Hanotaux, Count Goluchowski, and Prince Bismarck, whose disappearance would strongly deflect the current of events. We all expect them to live, but there is no solid reason for any expectation as likely to be falsified in their cases as in those of any other men, or more likely, for very few live like some of them under permanent danger of assassination. Then there are the emotions of the nations now so easily stirred, and so powerful a factor in national action, who would have dreamed of all England waking up one morning to find itself confronted with news which made the whole nation, without distinction of parties, feel itself ready for battle, and that with another nation with which we had never crossed swords or dreamed of a serious conflict. It would take very few words to induce Spain to risk everything in a war with America, and probably as few to compel the German emperor, even against his will, to put the Triple Alliance at last in motion, risking all the tremendous consequences which must follow that explosion. A surge of feeling in Paris might in a day undo all that diplomatists have done to preserve peace, and so might a similar surge among the Mussulman multitude of Constantinople, of whose governing thoughts and influences no diplomatist or statesman really understands anything whatever. Eastern crowds are more passive, and, as a rule, more orderly, than Western crowds; but they are strangely subject to fits, both of panic and of excitement, verging upon madness, of which their own leaders or rulers never pretend to give an intelligible explanation. They only say, "The folk are frightened" or "the folk are crazed." In the presence of forces so incalculable as those we have de-

scribed any forecast must be absolutely nugatory, or worse, being, so far as it is credited, deceptive. We remember a great one in our own columns by Mr. Rathbone Greg, which deeply impressed statesmen, and which even now reads as if it ought to have been correct, yet which was entirely falsified by the facts. We thought Napoleon III. must wage a war with Great Britain, and the emperor sought an alliance instead.

We have made these remarks because we believe a little reflection upon the subject will be useful at this season to men of business as well as politicians. They are both obliged to act more or less as if the usual must always happen, and they are right in doing so, but they should never forget that the usual is not the inevitable, and is less so just now than heretofore. The forces in existence are fearfully great, and seem stable, but the grand danger of a first-class ironclad is that it may capsize, that its very weight and speed make a slight obstacle as dangerous as a lifted rail to an express train. Events have seldom been so large, the "personal equation" has never been more incalculable, and men's minds have never been more overtaxed. We all exult in the extent of everything British, dominion, business, influence, but every increase in that extent increases the difficulty of foresight and the laboriousness of calculation. Up to a point it is as easy to conduct a big business as a small one, easier perhaps, because the averages are less mutable, but there is a point at which the grasp of the directing minds begins to fail, and though they may go right they do it almost accidentally. We hope it is not reached yet, but of this we are quite sure that a double conviction of the necessity for forecast and of its futility begins to daunt the very strongest among English statesmen, and to incline them to think that safety lies in exceedingly slow speed. That is not always the opinion of experienced captains when the storm is rising, and the harbor too full of vessels of the first class.

From The Spectator.

ANIMALS IN NOVELS.

The recent adventure of a "mad bull" in Langham Place shows that such animals still exist in fact. In fiction, where the mad bull once played an important part, giving endless opportunities to the hero to distinguish himself by rescuing young ladies, he has almost disappeared. Other animals still survive in novels, some, like the bull, as part of the machinery of the piece, others as important characters, and others again because the writer seems so fond of animals that he must introduce them, whether needed or not. Among the great novelists, Sir Walter Scott used them more comprehensively than any one else. It was part of his happy art to use animal characters as the unconscious means of firing the train of human emotion in certain situations in his novels. The recognition of a long-absent master by a dog—the common device of story since the days of the *Odyssey*—has never been set out more directly or with greater reserve of force than in the scene in "Old Mortality," when Henry Morton returns from exile to the house of Milnwood, and listens to the old housekeeper's story of his miserly uncle's death and his last words,—that a "dipped candle was good enough to die with!"—

While Mrs. Wilson was thus detailing the last moments of the old miser, Morton was pressingly engaged in diverting the assiduous curiosity of the dog, which, recovered from his first surprise, and combining former recollections, had, after much snuffing and examination, begun a course of capering and jumping upon the stranger which threatened every instant to betray him. At length in the urgency of his impatience, Morton could not forbear exclaiming, in a hasty tone, "Down, Elphin! down, sir!" "Ye ken our dog's name," said the old lady, struck with great and sudden surprise, "and it's no a common one. And the creature kens you too," she continued, in a more agitated and shriller tone. "God guide us! it's my ain bairn!"

In "The Talisman" Sir Kenneth's Scotch deerhound, instead of being the

incidental cause of precipitating a crisis, is one of the principal actors in the story. Sir Walter doubtless had in mind his own favorite deerhound "Maida," for he clearly writes from the life. The hound shares and comprehends in part the knight's watch by the standard of England; "when the cry of the sentinels came from the distant lines and defences of the camp, he answered with a deep and reiterated bark, as if to affirm that he was too vigilant in his duty." The defence of the standard by the dog in the absence of its master, its wound and recovery, and its attack upon Conrade of Montserrat, as, in company with the other leaders of the crusade, he passes and salutes the replaced standard of England, are the turning points of the plot in the later chapters.

In descriptive writing Sir Walter draws his animals as carefully as his men and women. They take the same place in his chapters on Scotch domestic life as they do in Sir David Wilkie's pictures of the same subjects. Scott's fireside portrait of the Liddesdale farmer with his generations of terriers—"auld 'Pepper' and young 'Pepper,' auld 'Mustard' and young 'Mustard,' little 'Pepper' and little 'Mustard'"—was felt to be so real that his readers proceeded to make it a reality. They wrote for puppies to "Dandle Dinmont, farmer, Liddesdale," and the Dandle Dinmont terrier was produced to their order. Mr. Davidson, who was the nearest to the original among the farmers of the vale, took the honorary title, but remarked that "the sheriff had not written mair about him than about other folk; only about his dogs." No horse in fiction is better beloved by readers than Dugald Dalgetty's charger "Gustavus." "My horse hath an excellent social quality," says the soldier of fortune; "for although he cannot pledge my cup, yet we share our loaf between us"—a reminiscence of Bruce's border raid when the Scots' ponies were fed on oat cakes—"and it will be hard if he suffers famine where cakes or bannocks are to be found. But to cut this mat-

ter short, I beseech you, good friends, to observe the state of Sir Duncan Campbell's palfrey, and I give you my honest assurance that that horse and his rider shall lack for food before either Gustavus or I." "Gustavus's" supper is what all lovers of horses would wish. "His master filled a large measure with corn, and walked up with it to his charger, who, by his low, whinnying neigh, his pricked ears, and his pawing, showed how close the alliance was between him and his rider. Nor did he taste his corn until he had returned his master's caresses by licking his hands and face . . . who, after looking on the animal with great complacency for about five minutes, said: 'Much good may it do you, honest Gustavus. Now I must go and lay in provant for myself for the campaign.'"

No one who reads Lockhart's account of Sir Walter, his guests, and family setting out from Abbotsford for a day's coursing and fishing can fail to discover the reasons for his power of painting verbal portraits of animals in their relation to man. He was devoted to dogs—greyhounds, deerhounds, and terriers—and even his daughter's donkeys, named irreverently "Mrs. Hannah More" and "Lady Morgan," used to come to the fence to "have a pleasant crack wi' the laird." On the morning which Lockhart describes his animal companions were not limited to the inmates of the kennel and the stable. The cavalcade was about to set out when his daughter, Anne, "broke from the line screaming with laughter, and exclaimed, 'Papa, papa, I knew you would never think of going without your pet.' Scott looked round, and I rather think there was a blush as well as a smile on his face, when he perceived a little black pig frisking about his pony, and evidently a self-elected addition to the party of the day. He tried to look stern, and cracked his whip at the creature; but was in a moment obliged to join in the general cheers. The pig had taken, nobody could tell how, a sentimental attachment to Scott, and was constantly



urging its pretensions to be admitted a regular member of his *tail* along with the greyhounds and terriers; but I remember him suffering another summer under the same sort of pertinacity on the part of an affectionate hen." In his later years Scott notes in his journal, as a sign that he must be growing old, that he has learnt to like gardening, and *cats*.

The Scotch liking for animals appears in somewhat unexpected places in the work of Scotch writers. No one would expect it in Lord Macaulay. Yet in the "Lays of Ancient Rome" his description of the black horse standing by his dead master Herminius, is natural and pathetic:—

The raven mane that daily  
With pats and fond caresses  
The young Herminia washed and combed,  
And twined in even tresses,  
And decked with colored ribbons  
From her own gay attire,  
Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse  
In carnage and in mire.

The petting and attentions which the horse had received before the battle from its master's daughters were probably suggested to Lord Macaulay by Virgil's description of the tame stag in Book VII. of the *Æneid*, which supplied much other material for the "Lays." These are the lines:—

Cervus erat formâ præstanti et cornibus  
ingens,  
Tyrhidae pueri quem matris ab ubere  
raptum  
Nutribant, Tyrreusque pater, cui regia  
parent  
Armenta, et late custodia credita campi.  
Adsuetum imperiis soror omni Silvia cura  
Mollibus intexens ornabat cornua sertis,  
Pectebatque ferum, puroque in fonte  
lavabat.

For simple observation of the ways of animals and its appropriate insertion in story Mr. R. D. Blackmore has few equals among modern novelists. "Lorna Doone," in the main a farmhouse story put into the mouth of a Western farmer, gave the right opportunity for its use. John Ridd's relations with his horses, Betty Mux-

worthy and his pigs, Tom Faggus and his mare "Winnle," all rank among the best work of its kind. The deputation of the ducks at Plovers Barrows, when their drake was in danger of drowning, being stuck in a swinging hurdle across a flooded brook, is, perhaps, the best farmyard scene ever penned, though too long for quotation here. The rescue of the flock from the snow-drift on the moor shows an equal knowledge of men, dogs, and sheep. "I heard a faint 'Ma-a-ah' coming through some ells of snow, like a last appeal. I shouted aloud to cheer him, for I knew what sheep it was, to wit, the most valliant of all the wethers, who had met me when I came home from London and had been so glad to see me. And then we fell to again and hauled him out. 'Watch' took charge of him at once with an air of the noblest patronage, lying on his frozen fleece and licking all his face and feet to restore his warmth to him. Then fighting 'Tom' jumped up at once, and made a little butt at 'Watch,' as if nothing had ever ailed him, and then set off to a shallow place and looked for something to nibble at." The horses of the "Handley Cross Series," Mr. Sponge's "'Ercles," and "Multum in Parvo," and Mr. Jorroek's "Xerxes" and "Arterxerxes," shine in story, but the books in which they figure are hardly novels. Anthony Trollope's horses play a real part in the story, and are equally lifelike; the killing of Major Caneback by "Jemima," in the "American Senator," is one of the most graphic descriptions of an accident in the hunting-field to be found in fiction.

Thackeray seldom introduces animal characters. Even in "The Virginians," where they might have been expected to play some part, they are absent.

Dickens's animals are mainly comic. There is nothing funnier in all Leech's equestrian jokes than the incidents in the drive to Dingley Dell, and the behavior of Mr. Winkle's horse. The inmates of Poll Sweedleplpe's bird-shop, the performing goldfinch which drew water with frightful energy the mo-

ment its owner's eye was fixed on it, and the raven in the happy family which reflected on the uselessness of dropping a guinea-pig's eye into Regent Street, have also their place among his comic animals. Barnaby Rudge's raven was a careful study. "He cares for nothing, and when the wind rolls him over in the dust, turns manfully to bite it." George Elliot is too serious to admit animals into the company of most of her characters,—though Mrs. Poyser's bantam-cock who "thought the sun got up to hear him crow" has become historical. But in spite of the loss of the mad bull the other animals are again taking their place in story. Mr. Rudyard Kipling is their chief patron, and in his story of "The White Cat," the fortunes of the characters hang mainly on the pluck of a polo-pony.

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From The Illustrated London News.  
THE TURNSTONE.

Your turnstone is a true cosmopolitan. There are few countries of the world on whose coasts he is not to be found at one time or another. But his tastes are curiously perverted; he prefers the seaside in winter to summer, and is only to be seen on our British shores in very early spring or very late autumn. The fact of it is, he is that chilly thing, a winter migrant. Now, everybody notices that certain conspicuous birds come back to us every summer; but only outdoor observant naturalists are aware how large a number of northern species seek the shelter of our isles in winter, just at the moment when the swallows and martins are gathering to leave us. The turnstone is one of these; he is by family a plover—in the wider sense of the word—and he lives and breeds in far northern Europe, among the higher Norse flocks and on the mossy expanses of the Arctic tundra. There food is plentiful in summer. But when his native moss-beds freeze hard, he diffuses himself impartially over all

shores of the world; he pays flying visits not only to Spain and Italy, but also to Natal or Melbourne, and to the American continent. On his return journey northward, he may sometimes be met with on the East Anglian mud-flats and on the Devonshire coast; but his appearances in Britain are more frequent in autumn, when young birds, on their first southward trip, love to "break the journey" on the glistening tidal mud of our eastern rivers, where they may often be seen in confidential little groups, surveying the world with philosophic contemplation from a congenial bank of ooze and tanglewood.

The turnstone is a sandpiper, well on his way to become a plover; or else, if you prefer it, he is a plover who has only just escaped from the humble fate of being a mere sandpiper. He gets his name, of course, from his well-known habit of turning over small stones on the seashore by a dexterous twist of his stout, hard bill, in order to feed on the petty molluscs and crawling crustaceans that lurk beneath them. This is his natural habitat, for living in which he is admirably adapted. If you see a group of young turnstones on a uniform grey-brown mud-flat, you notice at once that they are tolerably conspicuous birds, with their handsome stripes of black, white, and chestnut; their color then bewrays them. But it is only the youthful and unwary among them that so expose themselves to danger; experienced adults stick to the shingly beach, where their bold belts of black, brown, and white harmonize so admirably with the light and shade on the sheeny wet pebbles that it is almost impossible to discriminate them while at rest on the foreshore. Only when they rise a dozen yards off or so does it become easy to detect their presence. This close protective resemblance to the environment—a result, of course, of natural selection—makes it a little difficult to satisfy oneself as to the reality of their alleged stone-turning propensities; but if you see one settle, and then follow him up with an opera-glass, you *may* be lucky enough to observe him actually engaged in his

strange task of smartly overturning the shingle and darting like lightning on the small things beneath it. In size the turnstone is rather large for a sand-piper, or rather small for a plover; he is also somewhat shorter on the legs than most of his congeners. Throughout the summer, in his far northern breeding-places, he looks handsomer than with us, going in for a rich brown tone in many parts of his coat, while his legs and feet assume a brighter orange. But in autumn, when his soul has ceased for the moment lightly to turn to thoughts of love, his plumage grows duller and his bearing less haughty. He confines himself at that season to the prosaic and practical business of crustacean-hunting.

Naturally, the turnstone, like every other well conducted bird, has a Latin name—which happens in his case to be *Streptopelia interpres*. The *Streptopelia* part of it, I need hardly say to a generation which has learnt Greek at Gorton, refers to his ancestral habit of stone-turning; but he is called "Interpreter" for a more curious reason. When he sees danger approach, he raises his piping voice in a shrill little cry of warning, which other birds accept as a signal to look out for intruders. The Scotch, with their usual quaint facility in inventing names which exactly echo some natural sound, call him accordingly the skirl-crake. It is curious, however, to note how almost universally the habit of turning stones has given a name to this interesting bird; for in France he is the *tournepierre*; in Spain, the *revuelve-piedras*; and in Italy, the *volta-pietra*; while in the remote north of Scotland he is commonly known as the stane-pecker. I ought to add that the allied ringed plover is even more noted among modern sportsmen as an alarm-giver than the turnstone. It is a very alert little bird, which acts unconsciously in the same way as sentinel to other species, and it is therefore much disliked by pursuers of wild fowl because of its tell-tale habits. It has a clever trick of sticking to the very ridge of the weather-beaten shingle,

where the breakers at high water have heaped up the pebbles in a sharp edge; and it runs along at a safe distance ahead, whistling perpetually as it goes, and so putting up the frightened sand-pipers and dunlins on the flats below, which fly out to sea as the murderous guns approach them.

GRANT ALLEN.

From The Academy.

#### GLADSTONE AS A BOOK COLLECTOR.

Mr. Gladstone has been so good as to give us permission to publish the following letter which he has recently addressed to Mr. Quaritch. Those who are curious to see the calligraphy of this interesting document, which is written in a firm and bold hand, with hardly a correction, will find it reproduced in facsimile in Part VIII. of Mr. Bernard Quaritch's "Contributions Towards a Dictionary of English Book Collections."

"Hawarden: Sept. 9, 1886.

"Dear Mr. Quaritch,—The regiment of book collectors stands in no need of recruits; and, even if the ranks were thin, I doubt if I am qualified to enlist. I have in my time been a purchaser to the extent of about thirty-five thousand volumes, and I might therefore abide a quantitative test; but, as I fear, no other. A book collector ought, as I conceive, to possess the following six qualifications: appetite, leisure, wealth, knowledge, discrimination, and perseverance. Of these I have only had two, the first and the last, and these are not the most important. Restricted visual power now imposes upon me a serious amount of disability; and, speaking generally, I have retired from the list of purchasers. I am gradually transferring the bulk of my library to the Institution of St. Deiniol's at this place, which I hope to succeed in founding; but I retain certain branches for use, and a few of what are to me treasures, though you would. I apprehend, refuse to most of them a place on your shelves.

"The oldest book I have, that is to

say the one longest in my possession, was presented to me personally by Mrs. Hannah More. It is a copy of her "Sacred Dramas," printed and given to me in 1815, eighty-one years ago; and was accompanied with a pretty introductory sentence, of which I remember only the first words. They were these: 'As you have just come into this world, and I am just going out of it, allow me,' and so forth.

'My purchases commenced a few years after that time, and I have a variety of books acquired at Eton. Among them is a copy of Mrs. Hallam's 'Constitutional History,' in quarto, presented to me by his son Arthur, the subject of 'In Memoriam,' and at that period my dearest friend.

"Book-buyers of the present day have immense advantages in the extended accessibility and cheapness of books which, whether in the ancient or modern languages, ought to be considered classical. I have a copy of 'The Spectator' in eight volumes, 8vo., which cost me four pounds; and I hold Scott's poems in the small volumes at a somewhat larger price. These were both bought in the twenties.' The enormous development of the second-hand book trade, and the public spirit of many publishers, have also been greatly in favor of book-buyers. In one respect only they have lost ground, and that is in regard to bookbinding. It is (as a general rule; I am not complaining in my own case) much dearer than it was seventy and eighty years back, and, notwithstanding abolitions of duty and enlarged use of machinery, it is generally worse in that vitally important particular, the easy opening of a book. Our case contrasts very unfavorably with cases such as those of France and Italy. (Yet, as I know, good plain binding can still be had at reasonable prices.) I showed lately to a friend my copy of the original octavo edition of Scott's earlier novels (down to 'Quentin Durward') in half morocco, with gilt tops. He priced the binding for to-day at four shillings (I think rather too high), but (when at Oxford) the binder charged me *two*.

"As quantity has been my strongest point, I may without offence refer to it in comparison with quality. An able and learned person of our day bought for his own use twenty thousand volumes. They were examined and valued for sale (which never came off) in London, and it was predicted that he would nett from them eight thousand pounds, or a little over two shillings a volume. Nearly at the same time a library of somewhat over half the quantity, but rich in rarities, brought (not at auction) about six pounds a volume.

"Though, as I have said, a beggarly collector, I have had a few specialties. One I will mention. I accumulated more than thirty distinct *risacimenti* of the Book of Common Prayer. Many of these had prefaces which commonly ran to this effect: 'The Prayer Book is excellent. But it has some blemishes. Let them be removed, and it will find universal acceptance. Accordingly I have performed this operation; and I now give the Reformed Prayer Book to the world.' But I have never obtained, and have never seen, a second edition of any one of these productions. I greatly doubt whether they have usually paid their printer's bills.

"Book-collecting may have its quirks and eccentricities. But on the whole it is a vitalizing element in a society honeycombed by several sources of corruption. My apology for the poor part I have played in it is that it could only have the odds and ends, the dregs and leavings, of my time. And accordingly I am aware that the report which I send you is a very meagre one. To mend it a little, I give to this pursuit in all its walks, from the highest (with which you are of all men the most conversant) downwards, my heartiest good wishes. And that I may not be ungrateful I will apprise you that I still preserve among my most select possessions the beautiful copy on vellum of the Lyttelton-Gladstone translations which you were so good as to present to me.

"I remain,

"Very faithfully yours,

"W. E. GLADSTONE.

"B. Quaritch, Esq."

